

The Ypsilanti Sentinel-Commercial.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, MAY 16, 1901.

2771

We've Been So Busy

Telling you about our SPRING LINE OF CLOTHING, that we've kind o' neglected saying anything about the Furnishing Goods. But to-day we won't say a single word about the clothes, only about the Furnishings.

OUR Neckwear Line

Consists of Foulards, Rumchandas, English Twills, and Barathas, in stripes and reds with figures.

These are made in the regular imperial shape, also in the new narrow four-in-hand so popular with the high lay-down collars.

We almost forgot about the new st. of the new, which is the King Edward, a tie 38 inches long and both ends are 5 1/2 inches wide, ending in a point. This can be tied as an ascot, four-in-hand, or Windsor.

50c. 50c. 50c. 50c.

The Spring Shirts

Soft bosoms will be more popular than ever this spring and summer. All fashions lead to the one style pattern — vertical stripes.

These will be worn with plain fronts, plaited fronts, and some plaited front and back, shirt waist effect.

The ultra-fashionable will wear shirt waists, but attachable cuffs are not in it.

50c. \$1.00. \$1.50.

A String of Hose

Jacquard imitations of lace effects, in blacks. New also are the blacks with fronts embroidered in colored silks, and other novelties are lisle with open work showing the flesh. Staple patterns in stripes are also popular.

25c. 50c. 25c. 50c.

SULLIVAN - COOK COMPANY

Ypsilanti

Michigan

...JUST ARRIVED A NEW LINE OF...

SCREENS and SCREEN DOORS

OUR LINE OF....

HAMMOCKS

....IS COMPLETE

PRICES from 49c to \$5.50. Can suit you all.

CHAS. O'CONNOR & CO.

125 CONGRESS STREET

Growth

We have spent some money this last year, just in telling people the simple story about our coffees and why they are "the best and most for the money." We have convinced many that this is true, for they are now our customers. We have one of the largest and best coffee houses in the United States back of us. Our coffees are of the finest drinking quality. They run uniform. They are NOT HIGH PRICED. Try them and be convinced.

Our best—the Bunker Hill, Java 5c and Mocha 3c

Puritan Java Mocha..... 30c

Then we have SUNRISE, our 25c coffee, king of quarter coffee.

Hopkins & Davis
DEPOT

Dinnerware

in the famous
Johnson Bros. White Porcelain

Beyond question the most popular pattern ever placed on the American market, absolutely guaranteed against crazing and sold in open stock. It wears like iron.

100 Piece Dinner Set...

Sold regularly at \$8.50, they go for..... \$6.98

A Good Thing

If made known, is sure to be appreciated by our citizens. This is demonstrated by the increasing demand for our New England bread, and our delicious Ice Cream.

Davis & Co.
UPTOWN

HARRY JAMES IS MISSING

SO IS \$3,600 OF THE FUNDS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

MEN WHO LOST ARE HOT

Warren Lewis the Only Ypsilanti Man Concerned Takes it Philosophically.

Harry James, one of the principals in the recent poolroom in the Schade block, is missing, and so is \$3,600 of the funds which belonged to the association back of the enterprise.

The business was closed up on the 30th of April on account of competition at Windsor from James' brother, Joe, and James, as the prime mover in the concern, although not the financial backer, was entrusted with the contents of the treasury to settle all outstanding obligations.

He is reported to be busily engaged during the past two weeks in winding up the association's business, but it now develops that the debts are still unpaid, and that on Friday of last week he and the money, \$3,600 in amount, are both missing.

The losers are raging, and say they will hunt down their quondam partner and bring him to justice if they have to spend another \$3,600 in doing it.

Warren Lewis, the only Ypsilantian concerned in the affair, corroborated the report of James' dishonesty in conversation with a reporter last evening. Lewis was actively associated with James in the management of the poolroom, and he had a little money invested, but it was not a large sum.

"He's welcome to all the money he got from me," Lewis remarked. "If he wanted it bad enough to run away with it, he wanted it more than I do, so let him keep it."

Lewis has been associated with James in different enterprises for the past two years, and says that until now never had the faintest suspicion that he was crooked.

"Who contributed to the bank roll?" was asked of one of the partners in Detroit.

"McCormick put in the bulk of it," was the reply. "Con Leighton had a part and Warren Lewis the rest. James didn't put a cent in. He had a working interest of 25 per cent. We knew as soon as Joe James started across the river that it was all up with us, so we closed on the last day of April. That night there was \$3,600 in the roll which Harry brought to Detroit to square up with McCormick and Leighton. He never went near them, but skipped to Hamilton.

"Lewis called him up over there and told him to come back, that if he wasn't over \$500 shy he (Lewis) would let him have the money to keep him out of jail. McCormick also phoned him and told him to come back with what he had left and there would be no trouble, but he didn't do either. He just took to the tall timber and maybe he's got the change with him, but we think he got rid of most of it.

"But it ain't the bank roll alone—he owes plenty of others. He touched his old friend, Guy Watson of Sandwich, for \$480 that I know of and owed Archie McArdle \$125 which he borrowed.

"One day last week Ed Crowley handed him a hundred to give his brother Joe and Harry just made it all run for him. There was no second or third money to this race, unless 'Shep' got a little. 'Shep's' name is Shepherd, and he lives in Windsor. He has been around with Harry a lot and they flew together."

ANN ARBOR CONTROL OF YPSI POLICE

A citizen was walking up Congress street yesterday afternoon and on meeting another Ypsilantian, both being republicans, said:

"Can you tell me who constitute that non-partisan police commission which we had tacked onto our city charter recently?"

"Yes, sir, I can," responded the Ypsilantian addressed.

"Well, who are they?" said the citizen.

"They are Bill Judson, Jerry Ryan and Dan Quirk," was the prompt reply.

A loud ha, ha, from a bystander first awakened the questioner to the wittiness of the remark.

JOB COULDN'T HAVE STOOD IT
If he'd had Itching Piles. They're terribly annoying; but Bucklen's America Salve will cure the worst case of piles on earth. It has cured thousands. For Injuries, Pains or Bodily Eruptions it's the best salve in the world. Price 25c a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by C. W. Rogers & Co. and Morford & Smith.

IT WAS ALL ONLY HOT AIR

Talk About Non-Partisan Police Commission

IT DOES NOT WORK

The Way the Strings Were Pulled to Land Favorites as Police Officers

After three days of strenuous labor, numerous buttonholings, adjournments, etc., the newly created non-partisan police commission brought forth its appointments of the police force of the city. But the result knocks the claim that the commission would be non-partisan and consequently would give the city a non-partisan police force into smithereens.

However, nobody expected it would be non-partisan except such as wanted to use the obsolete idea as an argument to further their purpose and consequently no one is deceived or disappointed. The non-partisan idea is a good one if it is only carried out, but everybody knows it will not be carried into execution. The fact that two republicans and one democrat receive appointments on the police commission and two republicans and one democrat are appointed on the police force by no means meets the non-partisan idea. The best force to be had, by the all republicans or all democrats, that is the idea. It doesn't necessarily make the force better or worse to constitute the majority of democrats or the minority of republicans or vice versa. If the best force obtainable is entirely republican, it is well and good, if it is entirely democratic there should be no difference. The Argus has no kick on any appointee, but the way the non-partisan commission was thrown in the air the first time the commission had anything to do is interesting.

The following were the appointments:

Marshal—C. M. Warner.

Patrolman for west side—Thomas Ryan.

Patrolman for east side—F. J. Basom.

It is understood that the deadlock arose from the fact that Quirk and Platt were opposed to Warner for marshal; that Quirk and Allen were opposed to Ryan for deputy, and that Quirk desired to land P. W. Ross in one of the two places and that Platt insisted on Ryan being on any slate that was made.

The matter is said to have been settled by Allen and Platt's quietly coming to an understanding, which left Quirk out in the cold. Quirk made a good fight for his idea, however.

There was no dispute over Basom. Tuesday morning Basom resigned and the commission had a vacancy to fill.

This was promptly done by appointing Harvey Ferguson to the place. It yet remains for the commission to see that their appointees faithfully perform their duties in enforcing the law. If they do everybody will be satisfied. The personnel of the force matters little if only the commission insists that they do their duty.

DAVID UHL

FILES MORTGAGES

Grand Rapids, Mich., May 14.—David E. Uhl, son of Edwin F. Uhl, has filed mortgages aggregating \$109,000 to secure paper held by half a dozen Michigan banks. These with that of the First National, Ypsilanti, \$3,500, make a total of \$50,000, which is the amount of a chattel mortgage given, covering all property in the Grand Rapids Fancy Furniture Co. This plant was erected by David Uhl at a cost of about \$200,000, with his father's assistance, and borrowed money secured by giving notes which Edwin F. Uhl indorsed.

Another mortgage on the plant for \$50,000 secures Edwin F. Uhl for money advanced when he took up \$80,000 of the company's paper in April.

It is stated that this step was taken on account of the senior Uhl's critical illness, to protect both the family and the company, so that the furniture plant may be kept in operation, and reduce the indebtedness.

In the last conversation in which Edwin F. Uhl was able to take part, he said he wanted all the liabilities taken care of, and paid, but at the same time he wanted to protect his son from attacks by unscrupulous creditors.

David Uhl has been prominent as a local politician of the younger set, is associated with the Perry cabinet, and has for two years held the city garbage collecting contract, which is supposed to have netted a profit of \$10,000 a year.

"Better out than in"—that humor that you notice. To be sure it's out and all out, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Do you take the Sentinel-Commercial. If not subscribe now.

Black Dress Goods

Are Apparently the Same Everywhere
But They Are Not

Ten cents a yard difference in price may cover a multitude of sins, of which you are only made aware, when the cheap black dress turns rusty and its quality is no more.

We have studied the black dress goods question, and experience tells us that seekers of quality will pay for it.

We have black goods of quality and you are not asked to pay a single penny more than is right.

42 inch black Cheviot, all wool..... 59c yd

50 inch black Cheviot, very fine..... 89c yd

54 inch black Cheviot, extra weight..... \$1.00 yd

It's hard to find a better wearing or a more stylish suit cloth than a good black Cheviot.

TAMISE—Soft clinging light weight wool stuff, very popular for summer wear..... 50c, 85c

MELROSE—A peculiar seeded effect which is very durable, and a great seller. 42 inch, \$1.00 Silk warp Melrose..... \$1.50

PRUNELLAS in all qualities—They wear like a firm heavy old fashioned serge, but they are new and stylish at \$1.00, 1.25, 1.69, 1.25

42 to 48 inches wide.

BLACK ALBATROS—We have a fine one at..... 50c

Satin De Chine—A substitute for taffeta silk, will wear better, is just as pretty and very much cheaper.

46 inches wide \$1.00 per yard. Heavy black Meltons for Walking Skirts from..... 45c to \$1.75 per yard

In our dress making department we are turning out lots of Skirts and Shirt Waists. We guarantee satisfaction in every particular. Bring us your work.

DAVIS & KISHLAR

BARGAINS

Along The Whole Line

But we have a lot of SPECIAL ONES in Wall Paper just received. The best place in the county for Wall Papers, Paints and Oils is at

FRANK SMITH & SON'S

You miss a good thing and part with money you might save if you purchase without looking at their stock. It is NEW and prices Never So Low. Please call on us.

Frank Smith & Son

Tea Tea Tea

Try our 40c and 50c per lb Japan Teas.

Beats them all for the price. Elegant Flavor, Beautiful Color in the cup and takes away that tired feeling when you drink it.

For sale by

A. A. GRAVES, the Grocer

AT THE WHITE FRONT,

105 Congress Street,

YPSILANTI, MICH

Bell Telephone No. 61

New State Telephone No. 124.

MAY MARVELS

We have a store well filled with May merchandise especially adapted for present and future needs, and at prices which will bring you in touch with our policy of

Offering Reliable Dry Goods at Prices Distinctively Lowest

Fancy Light Prints May Price, yd..... 3 1/2c

Unbleached Cotton, per piece of 10 yds..... 39c

Fancy Ruffled Curtains

MILO SCHAFER DIED MONDAY

Ex-Alderman of the Fourth Ward of Ypsilanti

AN UPRIGHT MAN

Cause of the Death was Abscess of the Brain—One of the City's Best Known Citizens

Ex-Alderman Milo B. Schaffer died at his home, 219 Oak street, Monday morning, after a protracted illness of abscess of the brain. He was operated upon on Saturday by Dr. Clifford and stood the operation well, but his condition was such that he could not survive. He leaves a wife and a young son to mourn his loss. He was 56 years of age.

Milo B. Schaffer as elected alderman of the Fourth ward in 1890 and continued to represent his ward until a year ago, when he was defeated by Mr. Colby, the present alderman. He was a faithful and valuable member of the council and representative of his ward. He served on most of the important committees of the council and most of the 10 years of his service was on the ways and means committee. Any business entrusted to him always had the most painstaking care. He was a strictly honest man, no one ever questioning his integrity. At the time of his death he was a member of the board of public works and was a valuable member of that board. He was well liked and was a good citizen in all relations.

PILLOW THIEVES WERE CAPTURED

It is hard accounting for the vagaries of people when they get "that kleptomania feeling," and police officers frequently find themselves hunting down queer cases of disregard for the mine and thine distinction, but Marshal Cremer and Constable Ross recently made a capture of a genuine rara avis in a pair of pillow thieves.

The ordinary feather pillow, and particularly the variety which frequents country hotels, is not an article to arouse the feeling of covetousness in the heart of the average person, as in hotels at least its covering is likely to be of coarse, cheap and none too strong cotton cloth, its inner casing of hideous striped material, its outline anamalous, and its "feel" lumpy and uninviting.

Cotton cloth is a staple, the striped fabric used for pillow casing is purchasable at most reasonable figures; feathers are by no means a rarity; while the labor of producing the finished article from the crude material is but trifling; consequently the great majority of people feel that their only may be put to better advantage at stealing pillows.

A certain pair of Ypsilantians do not take the generally accepted view of this matter, however, so when recently leaving the hotel at Dearborn, where they had been spending a few days, they packed with the brush, comb, tooth brush and extra articles of attire, two of the landlord's best and most highly-prized pillows.

Country hotels do not entertain so often that the latter cannot be kept track of, so it was not long before the theft had been discovered and Marshal Cremer and Constable Ross put on the track of the desperate culprits.

A heart to heart talk with the two offenders served to change their pillow opinions, and on advice of the officers the stolen treasure was shipped back to Dearborn, which will end the affair, if the landlord does not decide that the klepto should be given a taste of the law, that the rest of the world may be warned not to go and do likewise.

ACTION WAS TAKEN ON DEATH OF ALD. SCHAFER

The common council and the board of public works held a special meeting at the city clerk's office Monday evening to take action relative to the death of Milo B. Schaffer, an ex-alderman and member of the board of public works.

Sumner Damon and H. M. Curtis, the two remaining members of the board of public works, and Alds. Gandy, Moore, Worden and Van Posen were named as active pallbearers at the funeral.

A committee was appointed to order flowers, and Sumner Damon and H. M. Curtis were appointed a committee to draft resolutions of condolence with the bereaved family.

A resolution was passed that the ex-officials be invited to attend the services in company with the present officials.

It was resolved that the office of the board of public works be draped with mourning for 30 days.

The funeral was held Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

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FRANK K. OWEN of Ypsilanti, Detroit's Pitcher.

After playing ball since boyhood at his home town, Frank Owen, son of Dr. F. W. Owen of Ypsilanti, first attracted attention as a pitcher for a regimental team while troops were in camp waiting to sweep the doms off Cuba. His work there was high class and his regiment beat all of the others at the national game. Coming back here he was tried some in 1890 and last year he again trained with the Detroit and went away to pitch in a minor league. Manager Stallings thinks he is the making of a very good

pitcher, and this spring has been one of the most consistent winners on the team. Owen is a strong young man and has plenty of speed and nerve. He doubtless would have won last Thursday from Milwaukee but for an injury to his right hand in the eighth inning. The score stood 7 to 6 in favor of Milwaukee. Owen's record in the game was three times at bat, one run a two-bagger, two put-outs, four assists; four bases on balls, one walk, two strike outs. Ypsilanti is proud of him.

and Bricketts, the high school pitcher about divided honors, but in their support there was a wide difference.

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 R

High school 2 1 3 0 2 0 4 1 *-1

Reserves 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 5 0 9

The most satisfactory game of the trio was the match between the city team and Cherryhill, in which the Ypsilantians were making their first appearance of the season, and in which they won by 17 to 8.

Those who have been keeping an eye on the daily practice of the city men for the past few weeks were confident in their predictions that the team would prove a strong one, and yesterday's game was all in confirmation of such a prophecy.

The line-up has not yet been definitely determined, and numerous shifts were made in the course of the nine innings, but notwithstanding this handicap to accurate playing but four errors were scored by the cityites.

The game was devoid of sensational features, with teams playing steady ball, without brilliant plays or costly errors.

Clifford, the new pitcher for Ypsilanti, had the better of the exchange of courtesies with McCarthy, the Cherryhill twirler, as he allowed but four base hits, struck out ten men and gave five bases on balls, while McCarthy permitted himself to be hit safely twelve times, struck out one and gave five men bases on balls.

The Ypsilanti line-up was as follows:

Pitcher—Clifford.

Catcher and second base—Coile.

Short-stop—Hammond.

First base—Pearce.

Second base and catcher—Stoll.

Third base—Schiappacasse.

Left field—F. Ostrander.

Center field—H. Ostrander.

Right field—Monroe.

STOPS THE COUGH

AND WORKS OF THE COLD

Laxative. Bromo-Quinine Tablets cur-

ing in one day. No cure, no pa-

rience 25 cents.

GONE DAFT ON BASE BALL GAMES

YPSILANTI CROWDS THREE INTO
ONE DAY

Cleary College, High School and City
Team Were the Victors of
the Contests

Fate was kind to Ypsilanti baseball fame Saturday, as the three games which were pulled off simultaneously in the fair grounds, the Normal diamond and the fourth ward park, by the Cleary College against Howell, the high school against the Normal Reserves and the city team against Cherryhill, were all won by the local men; "local men" in the "town and gown" contest on the Normal grounds being the lads from the city schools.

The Clearyites had previously worsted Howell in an exciting ten-inning game, so they were inclined to consider themselves a shade the stronger team, but neither they nor the spectators had any anticipation of the easy victory which perched on their banner from the first inning. The visitors put up an exceedingly feeble defense until the second half of the ninth inning, when they made a grand stand rally, but they were too far behind the progression to finish any better than a poor second.

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 R
Cleary 1 4 5 2 0 0 3 3 1-19
Howell 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 6-8

The high school lads hardly anticipated a victory over the Normal Reserves, but the game had not progressed very far before they discovered that the assistant pedagogues had struck an off day, and were formidable only in name. The state team were shut out inning after inning, while the "town" galloped around the circle just as if they were giving a continuous exhibition. Joe Beach, the Normalite,

pitcher—Clifford.

Catcher and second base—Coile.

Short-stop—Hammond.

First base—Pearce.

Second base and catcher—Stoll.

Third base—Schiappacasse.

Left field—F. Ostrander.

Center field—H. Ostrander.

Right field—Monroe.

STOPS THE COUGH

AND WORKS OF THE COLD

Laxative. Bromo-Quinine Tablets cur-

ing in one day. No cure, no pa-

rience 25 cents.



Yes, the same

GOLD DUST Washing Powder

that brightens your silver and cut glass will clean the Kitchen Crockery. Gold Dust is a dirt destroyer, nothing more. It never harms the article it comes in contact with. It simply makes it clean. For greatest economy buy the large package.

The N. K. Fairbank Company,

Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston.



ELABORATE GOWNS.

Ruffles Are Many, and There is a Return to Second Empire Modes.

Just at the present moment fashion is showing some wonderful vagaries, and one feels more than exactly sees the points of departure. There are many small and some large signs which show the trend of the styles toward those in vogue during the first years of the reign of the Empress Eugenie in France. There are no hoops, to be sure, but the skirts are growing wider and not by small degrees. They are shirred around the hips, and the gathers are sewed to the bottom of the waist. The skirts are also much larger around and not so long in the center of the back. As to the material, it is anything one wishes and can afford. Some recent and elegant importations show skirts of all sorts of lace over silk, and nearly all of these have flounces of some kind, and we all know that flounces were the principal thing in the days of Eugenie. I noted in one large establishment a black dotted net overdress with four narrow flounces of black chiffon. It is astonishing to see how this material holds its popularity for dress trimming. The black net has at distances of half a yard stripes wrought in the pattern, and these run down to the flounces. Between these on each front side breadth are designs made of a handsome pattern of black chantilly. One row of the same heads the flounces. This skirt is made very ample, and the lace overdress is gathered at the waist line. The waist is of the lace bloused and has a black velvet belt and some small bows of the same at the shoulder and at the elbow, where the sleeve ends with a ruffle. The gown is lined with every white silk.

Another striking dress is made of deep red organdie. The skirt is very ample and is trimmed about half way down with a Dewey bounce, which in turn is ornamented with two ruffles, each three inches wide. Rows of narrow black lace are set along all the edges and down the rest of the skirt at intervals of three inches. The whole waist is shirred very closely in horizontal lines as far as the bust and perpendicularly on the yoke. This is finished with an old fashioned bertha of the organdie and edged with chiffon and lace. The sleeves end at the elbow in flowing shape, but there are undersleeves of black chiffon. The belt is made of a twist of rich black satin ribbon with a bow.

To show just what a hold the Eugenie flounces have taken I will tell of one more such gown and, behold, the price is \$1,000! The foundation of this creation is of crisp white taffeta and it is made with a train quite half a yard long, although it is intended for an outdoor costume. Around the training portion there are four flounces, each scarcely an inch longer than the other. This is done to give the proper fluffy lightness to that part. All the rest of the flounces, and there are 13 of them, are three inches deep and overlap. At the left side these are so arranged that one is draped over the last and so on to the top, which makes a very novel effect. Each flounce has two rows of very fine black chantilly lace about half an inch wide gathered to the chiffon flounces. Did I say the flounces are all of chiffon? They are. The blouse waist is of finely plaited chiffon over the taffeta, and over this is a bolero of black lace and still above this is a trimming of white point. The sleeves come but to the elbow, and there are two deep ruffles of white plaited chiffon some six or eight inches deep, cut up on the top, to show the whole of the arm to the bend of the elbow. The high stock is of white, with a little black chenille to finish it. At the belt line there is a large and rich ornament of black chenille and black pearl beads and this hangs down to the knees. Another and smaller one was put upon the waist. This dress is so real-

ly elegant that it has seemed a duty to describe it in detail so that any lady may have one like it, or at least modeled after the original design. In any of the light white goods it would be quite as pretty, although not so costly. In the belt line there is a large and rich ornament of black chenille and black pearl beads and this hangs down to the knees. Another and smaller one was put upon the waist. This dress is so real-

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SCOTT'S EMULSION

is a food medicine for the baby that is thin and not well nourished and for the mother whose milk does not nourish the baby.

It is equally good for the boy or girl who is thin and pale and not well nourished by their food; also for the anæmic or consumptive adult that is losing flesh and strength.

In fact, for all conditions of wasting, it is the food medicine that will nourish and build up the body and give new life and energy when all other means fail.

Should be taken in summer as well as winter.

1 oz. and \$1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

YPSILANTI SAVINGS BANK

Primroses.

Having a large lot on hand, which I do not wish to carry over, I offer my

Choice Primroses

At a reduction of one-fourth from regular value. Come and see them and you will buy.

C. F. KRYSSEK,

FLORIST

ILLINOIS CENTRAL

Runs Two Solid Vestibuled Trains Daily

Diamond Special

NIGHT TRAIN

Daylight Special

between Chicago and St. Louis.

Free Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman Buffet Open and Compartment Sleepers. See that your ticket is between Chicago and St. Louis via Illinois Central Railroad.

It can be obtained of your local ticket agent. A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Ill. Cent. R. R. Chicago 111

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"ONE-night-on-the-road trains" from both Chicago and St. Louis to

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"That Buffet-Library-Smoking Car on the Burlington's Chicago-Denver Limited is great. It's a genuine delight to settle down in one of those big comfortable library chairs. In the Dining Car the exquisite neatness and niceness of the napery makes a good meal taste all the better, and I never saw such a lot of well-trained waiters."

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AN ENGLISH WOMAN'S LOVE LETTERS.

Published by arrangement with Doubleday, Page & Co., New York,
the authorized publishers of these Letters in America.

LETTER LXI.

You are very ill, they tell me. Beloved, it is such kindness in them to have regard for the wish they disapprove and to let me know. Knowledge is the one thing needful whose lack has deprived me of my happiness. The express image of sorrow is not so terrible as the foreboding doubt of it. Not because you are ill, but because I know something definitely about you. I am happier today, a little nearer to a semblance of service to you in my helplessness. How much I wish you well, even though that might again carry you out of my knowledge! And, though death might bring you nearer than life now makes possible, I pray to you, dearest, not to die. It is not right that you should die yet, with a mistake in your heart which a little more life might clear away.

Praying for your dear eyes to remain open, I realize suddenly how much hope still remains in me, where I thought none was left. Even your illness I take as a good omen, and the thought of you, weak as a child and somewhat like one in your present state with no brain for deep thinking, comes to my heart to be cherished endlessly. There you lie, beloved, brought home to my imagination as never since the day we parted. And the thought comes to the rescue of my helpless longing—that it is as little children that men get brought into the kingdom of heaven. Let that be the medicine and outcome of your sickness, my own beloved. I hold my breath with hope that I shall have word of you when your hand has strength again to write, for I know that in sleepless nights and in pain you will be unable not to think of me.

Ah, my own one beloved, whom I have loved so openly and so secretly, if you were as I think some other men are I could believe that I had given you so much of my love that you had tired of me because I had made no favor of it, but had let you see that I was your faithful subject and servant till death, so that after 20 years you, chancing upon an empty day in your life, might come back and find me still yours, as tomorrow, if you came, you would.

My pride died when I saw love looking out of your eyes at me, and it has not come back to me now that I see you no more. I have no wish that it should. In all ways possible I would wish to be as I was when you loved me and seek to change nothing except as you bid me.

LETTER LXII.

So I have seen you, beloved, again after fearing that I never should. A day's absence from home has given me this great fortune.

The pain of it was less than it might have been, since our looks did not meet. To have seen your eyes shut out their recognition of me would have hurt me too much. I must have cried out against such a judgment. But you passed by the window without knowing, your face not raised. So little changed, yet you have been ill. Arthur tells me everything. He knows I must have any word of you that goes begging.

Oh, I hope you are altogether better, happier! An illness helps some people. The worst of their sorrow goes with the health that breaks down under it, and they come out purged into a clearer air and are made whole for a fresh trial of life.

I hear that you are going quite away, and my eyes bless this chance to have embraced you once again. Your face is the kindest I have ever seen. Even your silence while I looked at you seemed a grace instead of a cruelty. What kindness, I said to myself, even if it be mistaken kindness, must have sealed those dear lips not to tell me of my unorth.

Oh, if I could see once into the brain of it all! No one but myself knows how good you are. How can I, then, be so unworthy of you? Did you think I would not surrender to anything you fixed, that you severed us so completely, not even allowing us to meet, and giving me no way to come back to you, though I might come to be all that you wished? Ah, dear face, how hungry you have made me! The more that I think you are not yet so happy as I could wish, as I could make you—I say it foolishly—yet if you would trust me, I am sure.

Oh, how tired loving you makes me! Physically I grow weary with the ache to have you in my arms. And I dream—I dream always—the shadows of former kindness that never grow warm enough to clasp me before I wake. Yours, dearest, waking or sleeping.

LETTER LXIII.

Do you remember, beloved, when you came on your birthday, you said I was to give you another birthday present of your own choosing, and I promised? And it was that we were to do for the whole day what I wished. You were not to be asked to choose.

You said then that it was the first time I had ever let you have your own way, which was to see me by myself independently of you, as if such a self existed.

You will never see what I write now, and I did not do then any of the things

I most wished, for first I wished to kneel down and kiss your hands and feet, and you would not have liked that. Even now that you love me no more, you would not like me to do such a thing. A woman can never do as she likes when she loves—there is no such thing until he shows it to her or she divines it. I loved you, I loved you—that was all I could do, and all I wanted to do.

You have kept my letters? Do you read them over. I wonder, and do they tell you differently about me, now that you see me with new eyes? Ah, no, you dare not look at them. They tell too much truth! How can love letters ever cease to be the winged things they were when they first came? I fancy mine sick to death for want of your heart to rest on, but never less loving.

If you would read them again, you would come back to me. Those little notes of happiness would be too strong for you. And so you lay them in a cruel grave of lavender—"Lavender for forgetfulness" might be another song for Ophelia to sing.

I am weak with writing to you. I have written too long. This is twice today.

I do not write to make myself more miserable—only to fill up my time.

When I go about something definite, I can do it. To ride or read aloud to the old people or sit down at meals with them is very easy, but I cannot make employment for myself. That requires too much effort of invention and will, and I have only will for one thing in life—to get through it and no invention to the purpose. Oh, beloved, in the grave I shall lie forever with a lock of your hair in my hand. I wonder if beyond there one sees anything?

My eyes ache today from the pain and the point where I missed you.

LETTER LXIV.

Dearest—It is dreadful to own that I was glad at first to know that you and your mother were no longer together, glad of something that must mean pain to you. I am not now. When you were ill, I did a wrong thing. From her something came to me which I returned. I would do much to undo that act now, but this has fixed it forever. With it were a few kind words. I could not bear to accept praise from her. All went back to her. Oh, poor thing, poor thing! If I ever had an enemy, I thought it was she. I do not think so now. Those who seem cold seldom are. I hope you were with her at the last. She loved you beyond any word that was in her nature to utter, and the young are hard on the old without knowing it. We were two people, she and I, whose love clashed jealously over the same object, and we both failed. She is the first to get rest.

LETTER LXV.

My Dear—I dream of you now every night, and you are always kind, always just as I knew you, the same without a shadow of change.

I cannot picture you anyhow else, though my life is full of the silence you have made. My heart seems to have stopped on the last beat of the sight of your handwriting gave it.

I dare not bid you come back now. Sorrow has made me a stranger to myself. I could not look at you and say, "I am your star." I could not believe it if I said it. Two women have inhabited me, and the one here now is not the one you knew and loved. Their one likeness is that they both have loved the same man, the one certain that her love was returned and the other certain of nothing. What a world of difference lies in that!

I have to realize now that I have become the greatest possible failure in life, a woman who has lost her "share of the world." I try to shape myself to it.

It is deadly when a woman's sex, what was once her glory, reveals itself to her as an all containing loss. I realized myself fully only when I was with you and now I can't undo it. You gone, I lean against a shadow and feel myself forever falling, drifting to no end. A Francesca without a Paolo. Well, it must be some comfort that I do not drag you with me. I never believed myself a "strong" woman. Your lightest wish shaped me to its liking. Now you have molded me with your own image and superscription and have cast me away.

Are not the die and the coin that come from it only two sides of the same form? There is not a hair's breadth anywhere between their surfaces where they lie, the one inclosing the other, yet part them, and the light strikes on them how differently. That is a mere condition of light. Join them in darkness where the light cannot strike, and they are the same—the two faces of a single form. So you and I, dear, when we are dead, shall come together again, I trust. Or are we to come back to each other defaced and warped out of our true conjunction? I think not, for if you have changed, if soul can ever change, I shall be melted again by your touch and flow to meet all the change that is in you, since my true self is to be you.

Oh, my beloved, do you wake happy, either with or without thoughts

of me? I cannot understand, but I trust that it may be so. If I could have a reason why I have so passed out of your life, I could endure it better. What was in me that you did not wish? What was in you that I must not wish for evermore? If the root of this separation was in you, if in God's will it was ordered that we were to love and without loving less afterward be parted, I could acquiesce so willingly. But it is this knowing nothing that overwhelms me. I strain my eyes for sight and can't see. I reach out my hands for the sunlight and am given great handfuls of darkness. I said to you the sun had dropped out of my heavens. My dear, my dear, is this darkness indeed you? Am I in the mold with my face to yours, receiving the close impression of a misery in which we are at one? Are you, dearest, hungering and thirsting for me as I now for you?

I wonder what to the starving and drought stricken the taste of death can be like! Do all the rivers of the world run together to the lips then, and all its fruits strike suddenly to the taste when the long deprivation ceases to be a want? Or is it simply a ceasing of hunger and thirst, an antidote to it all? I may know soon. How very strange if at the last I forget to think of you!

LETTER LXVI.

Dearest—Every day I am giving myself a little more pain than I need—for the sake of you. I am giving myself your letters to read again day by day as I received them. Only one a day, so that I have still something left to look forward to tomorrow, and, oh, dearest, what unanswered things they have now become, those letters which I used to answer so easily!

All your tenderness then seems to be cruelly now, only seems, dearest, for I still say, I do say, that it is not so. I know it is not so. I, who know nothing else, know that. So I look every day at one of these monstrous contradictions and press it to my heart till it becomes reconciled with the pain that is there always.

Indeed you love me. That I see now. Words which I took so much for granted then have a strange force now that I look back at them. You did love, and I, who did not realize it enough then, realize it now when you no longer do.

And the commentary on all this is that one letter of yours, which I say over and over to myself sometimes when I cannot pray: "There is no fault in you. The fault is elsewhere. I can no longer love you as I did. All that was between us must be at an end. For your good and mine the only right thing is to say goodbye without meeting. I know you will not forget me, but you will forgive me, even because of the great pain I cause you. You are the most generous woman I have known. If it would comfort you to blame me for this, I would beg you to do it. But I know you better and ask you to believe that it is my deep misfortune rather than my fault that I can be no longer your lover as, God knows, I was once, I dare not say how short a time ago. To me you remain what I always found you—the best and most true hearted woman a man could pray to meet."

This, dearest, I say and say and write down now lest you have forgotten it. For your writing of it and all the rest of you that I have goes with me to the grave. How superstitious we are of our bodies after death! I, as if I believed that I should ever rise or open my eyes to any sound again! I do not, yet it comforts me to make sure that certain things shall go with me to dissolution.

Truly, dearest, I believe grief is a great deceiver and that no one quite wishes not to exist. I have no belief in future existence, yet I wish it so much—to exist again outside all this failure of my life. For at present I have done you no good at all, only evil.

And I hope now and then that writing thus to you I am not writing altogether in vain. If I can see sufficiently at the last to say: "Send him these, it will be almost like living again. For surely you will love me again when you see how much I have suffered—and suffered because I would not let thought of you go."

Could you dream, beloved, reading this, that there is bright sunlight streaming over my paper as I write?

LETTER LXVII.

Do you forgive me for coming into your life, beloved? I do not know in what way I can have hurt you, but I know that I have. Perhaps without knowing it we exchange salves for the wounds we have given and received? Dearest, I trust those I send reach you. I send them, wishing till I grow weak.

I have brought in a wild rose to lay here in love's cenotaph, among all my thoughts of you. It comes from a graveyard full of "little deaths." I remembered once sending you a flower from the same place when love was still fortunate with us. I must have been reckless in my happiness to do that!

Beloved, if I could speak or write out all my thoughts till I had emptied myself of them, I feel that I should rest. But there is no emptying the brain by thinking. Things thought come to be thought again over and over, and more and fresh come in their train. Children and grandchildren, generations of them, sprung from the old stock. I have many thoughts now, born of my love for you, that never came when we were together—grandchildren of our days of courtship. Some of them are set down here, but others escape and will never see your face!

If (poor word, it has the sound, but no hope of a future life); still if you should ever come back to me and want, as you would want, to know something of the life in between I could put these letters that I keep into your hands and

trust them to say for me that no day have I been truly—that is to say, willingly—out of your heart. When Richard Feverel comes back to his wife, do you remember how she takes him to see their child which till then he had never seen—and its likeness to him as it lies asleep? Dearest, have I not been as true to you in all that I leave here written?

If, when I come to my finish, I get any truer glimpse of your mind and am sure of what you would wish, I will leave word that these shall be sent to you. If not, I must suppose knowledge is still delayed, not that it will not reach you.

Sometimes I try still not to wish to die. For my poor body's sake I wish well to have its last chance of coming to pass. It is the unhappy unfulfilled clay of life, I think, which robbed of its share of things set ghosts to walk—mists which rise out of a ground that has not worked out its fruitfulness to take the shape of old desires. If I leave a ghost, it will take your shape, not mine, dearest, for it will be "as trees walking" that the "lovers of trees" will come back to earth. Browning did not know that. Some one else, not Browning, has worded it for us: A lover of trees far away sends his soul back to the country that has lost him, and there "the traveler, marvelling why, halts on the bridge to hearken how soft the poplars sigh," not knowing that it is the lover himself who sighs in the trees all night. That is how the ghosts of real love come back into the world. The ghosts of love and the ghosts of hatred must be quite different. These bring fear, and those none. Come to me, dearest, in the blackest night, and I will not be afraid.

How strange that when one has suffered most it is the poets (those who are supposed to sing) who best express things for us! Yet singing is the thing I feel least like. If ever a heart once

wake up to find itself full of time, it was mine. Now you have drawn all the song out of it, emptied it dry, and I go to the poets to read epitaphs. I think it is their cruelty that appeals to me—they can sing of grief! O hard hearts!

Good night! At your head, at your feet, is there any room for me tonight, beloved?

LETTER LXVIII.

Dearest—The thought keeps troubling me how to give myself to you most if you should ever come back for me when I am no longer here. These poor letters are all that I can leave. Will they tell you enough of my heart?

Oh, into that wish any wish that you like, and it is there already! My heart, dearest, only moves in the wish to be with an adorable object. He and I lived to my recognition of him as a wizened, scrubby, middle aged man, but remained good friends after the romance was over. I don't know when the change in my sense of beauty took place as regards him.

I suppose also that many sights which have no meaning to children go happily quite out of memory and that what our early years leave for us in the mind's lavender are just the tidbits of life or the first blows to our intelligence—things which did matter and mean much.

Corduroys came early into my life—their color and the queer earthy smell of those which particularly concerned me—because I was picked up from a fall and tenderly handled by a rough workingman so clothed whom I regarded for a long time afterward as an adorable object. He and I lived to my recognition of him as a wizened, scrubby, middle aged man, but remained good friends after the romance was over. I don't know when the change in my sense of beauty took place as regards him.

Dearest, though my whole life is yours, it is little you know of it. My wish would be to have every year of my life blessed by your consciousness of it. Barely a year of me is all that you have truly to remember, though I think five summers at least came to flower and withered in that one.

I wish you knew my whole life. I cannot tell it. It was too full of infinitely small things. Yet what I can remember I would like to tell now, so that some day perhaps, perhaps, my childhood here and there be warmed long after its death by your knowledge coming to it and discovering in it more than you knew before.

How long, dearest, that what I write may look up some day and meet your eye! Beloved, then, however faded the ink may have grown, I think the spirit of my love will remain fresh in it. I kiss you on the lips with every word. The thought of "goodby" is never to enter here. It is a reverie forever and ever; "love, love," and "meet again!" the words we put into the thrush's song on a day, you will remember, when all the world for us was a garden.

Dearest, what can I tell you of older days—little things they must be—I will, and I know that if you ever come to value them at all their littleness will

make them doubly welcome, just as to know that you were once called a "gallous young hound" by people whom you plagued when a boy was to me a darling discovery. All at once I caught my childhood's imaginary comrade to my young spirit's heart and kissed him, brown and eyes.

Good night, good night! Tomorrow I will find you some earliest memory. The dew of Hermon be on it when you come to it if ever!

Oh, beloved, could you see into my heart now or I into yours time? and my childhood would stay unwritten!

From far and near I gather my thoughts of you for the kiss I cannot give. Good night, dearest.

LETTER LXIX.

Beloved—I remember my second birthday. I am quite sure of it, because my third I remember so infinitely well. Then I was taken in to see Arthur lying in baby bridal array of lace fringes and gauze and received in my arms held up for me by Nan.

The awful weight and imperial importance of his small body.

I think from the first I was told of him as my "brother"—cousin I have never been able to think him. But all this belongs to my third. On my sec-

ond I remember being on a floor of roses, and they told me if I would go across to a cupboard and pull it open there would be something there waiting for me. And it was on all fours that I went all eagerness across great patches of rose pattern till I had butted my way through a door left ajar and found in a cardboard box of bright tinsel and flowers two little wax babies in the wood living.

I think they gave me my first sense of color, except perhaps the rose carpet which came earlier, and they remained for quite a long time the most beautiful thing I knew.

It is strange that I cannot remember what became of them, for I am sure I neither broke nor lost them. Perhaps it was done for me. Arthur came afterward, the tomb of many of my early joys and the maker of so many new ones. He, dearest, is the one, the only one, who has seen the tears that belong truly to you, and he blesses me with such wonderful patience when I speak your name, allowing that perhaps I know better than he. And after the wax babies I had him for my third birthday.

LETTER LX.

Beloved—I think that small children see very much as animals must do—just the parts of things which have a direct influence

\$1.00 Per Year, Strictly in Advance

Entered at the Postoffice in Ypsilanti, Michigan as second class matter.

THURSDAY, MAY 16.

MASSES INDIFFERENT.

The question which was started some time ago "Why not preach the Gospel?" has been receiving much attention at the hands of the preachers throughout the country. But it is doubtful whether the masses are hungry for the gospel. If they are there is certainly no reason why they cannot find it. There are no evidences that the churches would be filled if the gospel were preached. Dr. Cran dall, of Chicago, speaking on the subject last Sunday seems to have placed the matter about right. He said in part:

"Possibly the masses prefer to hear of God's love and the glories of the unseen life, rather than to be told that they are wrong and must get right; but they show no overwhelming anxiety to hear even the sweet song of divine love. The fact is that from the time of Jesus until now the multitudes have been largely indifferent to spiritual things. The material and sensual pre-empt the soul."

"Jesus had to seek in order to save, and so have all those who have helped humanity. Only the few hunger and thirst after righteousness. Most men believe in God and the future life, but few are willing to govern their lives by God's law."

"Nothing is more evident than that the personal element in the preacher has most to do with the size of his following. He may deny the incarnation, the resurrection, the reality of sin, and yet attract the many by his personal power. Another man may be absolutely faithful to the truth, and gain the attention of only a few. The daily press claims that it reports sermons upon 'topics of the times' because its readers desire the new rather than the old. If the masses do not care for a gospel sermon as reported in the newspaper, why should it be imagined that they are hungry for it as delivered in a church?"

"The implicit assumption that a crowd means great spiritual profit is unwarranted. Jesus did his most effective work face to face with the individual. Men are not saved in platoons. A great congregation may mean small spiritual results; a small congregation may mean great influence for righteousness. It is not size but spiritual quality that tells the story. One thing is certain, the masses are not hungry for the gospel, nor will they become so until the great currents of life, as revealed in human history, are absolutely reversed."

If any goody-goody, unsophisticated republican really thinks Bill Judson is a has-been in Washtenaw county political circles, he should study his latest move in Ann Arbor. The appointment of Frank Stivers as city attorney is a bit of Judson finesse that smacks of his old time methods and indicates that he does not consider Mayor Copeland as having been born again. He evidently considers him outside those who willingly display the collar of Judson servitude. 'Twas a nice little story that was worked on the young man who assumed the duties of mayor during Mayor Copeland's absence, that the mayor desired to dodge the appointment of a city attorney. The trick was a clever one and it looks to the Argus as though it has the law on its side all right. It would be a mighty queer proceeding if the mayor has the right to veto the appointments of the acting mayor. If he can do that, may he not veto his own appointments after they have been approved by the council? But though the mayor be on the hip, the fact remains that the whole proceeding was a bit of pure Judsonite politics and is scarcely calculated to heal differences within the republican fold. Of course, knowing the ethics of republican politics, Mayor Copeland should have remained right on his perch if he desired to exercise the functions of his office. He should have known, as he now knows, that no such thing as "the proprieties" have any place in the republican code of ethics. "Get the loaves and fishes" is the sum total of republican morality. The mayor's sensibilities may have been shocked, but he certainly knows more. He has run up against Judsonism in a way that he will not soon forget. He is up against the real thing now. If he desires to continue to perform the mayor's duties he would better get alongside Billy, or else give up all business that will take him outside the limits of his kingdom during his term of service. At least it is reasonably certain that Mayor Copeland will not depend any more upon "the proprieties." That idea is not in the Judson dictionary.

MCCLELLAN H. MOGK WINS \$50 IN GOLD—"DOT" PRIZE

He was the First One to Count the Dots Correctly and His Number was 2780

There Were 130 Other Persons Who Counted Correctly Besides Many Hundred Who Did Not
--Many New Subscribers Received

The dots are counted.

The correct number is 2780.

McClellan H. Mogk captures the \$50 gold prize.

There were 131 persons who counted the dots correctly, a surprisingly large number, when the number of dots in the small space is taken into consideration.

The highest number sent in was 2,000,764, the second highest 280,084. The smallest number was 1,565.

There were 89 counts which were just 1 out of the way. There are more that were 2. There were quite a large number that were over 100 out of the way.

A large number of new subscriptions were received by the Washtenaw Times and the Daily Argus. There were some new ones taken in on the weeklies, but the dots did not really begin to work in the country until the last week of the contest.

Considerable interest was taken in the \$5 special prizes. One of these, the third week, had to be divided as the correct count was handed in at exactly the same minute at both our Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti offices. The special prizes were awarded as follows:

First Special Prize, \$5, week ending April 13—George Jacobus, 218 North Observatory.

Second Special Prize, \$5, week ending April 20, DeForrest Ross, 617 West Cross street, Ypsilanti.

Third Special Prize, \$5, divided between Ralph LeMunyon, 214 Miles street, Ypsilanti, and Oscar Friedrich, 716 Kingsley street.

Fourth Special Prize, \$5, week ending May 4—Miss Mabel Benham, 810 East Washington.

The prizes will be paid at our office on Saturday, after 10 o'clock. Prize winners are urged to call on that day. Those getting prizes between the 51st and 200th prizes need not call as their subscriptions will be extended without any further action on their part.

The prize winners are as follows:

First Prize, \$50 in Gold—McClellan H. Mogk, 215 Packard street, Ann Arbor.

Second Prize, \$15 in Gold—Robert Staebler, 222 South Division street, Ann Arbor.

Third Prize, \$5 in Gold—F. J. Hendershot, 319 Maynard street, Ann Arbor.

Fourth Prize, \$3—R. D. Clippinger, 1317 Washtenaw avenue.

Fifth Prize, \$2—W. P. Stephens, 535 South Fifth avenue.

Sixth Prize, \$1—John Feiner, 117 West Williams street.

Seventh Prize, \$1—Mrs. H. M. Randall, 414 Lawrence.

Eighth Prize, \$1—Margaret O'Brien, 420 Thompson.

Ninth Prize, \$1—Sheldon Granger, 109 South Park street, Ypsilanti.

Tenth Prize, \$1—H. Staebler, American house.

Eleventh Prize, Spaulding League ball—O. C. Johnson, 730 South Thayer street.

Twelfth Prize, Spaulding League ball—O. C. Johnson, 730 South Thayer street.

Thirteenth Prize, A PIG—O. C. Johnson, 730 South Thayer street.

Fourteenth Prize, Boy's catching glove—Louis Boes, 436 Second street.

Fifteenth Prize, Boy's catching glove—E. L. Schumacher, 817 East Ann street.

Sixteenth Prize, Boy's catching glove—A. D. Parker, 314 South State.

Seventeenth Prize, Boy's catching glove, F. M. Hamilton, 427 South Fifth avenue.

Eighteenth Prize, Boy's catching glove—Anna Martin, 431 Fourth street.

Nineteenth Prize, Boy's catching glove—Mrs. East, 1004 Vaughan street.

Twenty-first Prize, Boy's catching glove—Albert E. Wurster, 214 West Washington street.

The Twenty-first to the Fiftieth are the choice of a year's subscription to either the New York Weekly Tribune or American Boy. These prize takers, were:

21—Clara Chipchase.

22—Mrs. R. J. Peck.

23—Mrs. J. O. Schlotterbeck.

24—W. W. Whedon.

25—Mrs. H. S. Jennings.

26—S. A. Evans.

27—Agnes Purfield.

28—Agnes Boersig.

29—August Rohde.

30—Mrs. E. C. Briggs, Ypsilanti.

31—Victor E. Kurtz.

32—Mrs. Sarah E. Ames.

33—William Cleaver.

34—Lona Tinkham.

35—Hugo Kirchoffer, Manchester.

36—Harry Pinckney, Ypsilanti.

37—Arthur Ament.

38—N. Garlinghouse.

39—Grace Moorehouse.

40—E. Wagner.

41—Matthew Connor.

42—John Looker.

43—Mrs. W. Bradley.

44—Mary M. Cutler.

45—Mrs. C. Andrus, Rural Route No. 2.

46—Florence L. Richards, Three Rivers.

France has at last made a definite offer to sell the Panama canal at its appraised value. Unfortunately J. Pierpont Morgan is away from home, and the rest of us haven't the money.

Minister Wu is trying to get American financiers to lend China the money with which to pay that indemnity. Wu is a shrewd old boy. He knows that any country that has lent several hundred millions to China will be most energetic in preserving its territorial entirety.

Ypsilanti's new non-partisan police commission demonstrated the first time it had any function to perform that its name is a misnomer. It established the fact beyond cavil that merit in a candidate cuts no figure, but that partisanship and pull are the whole thing. The few who still dream that anywhere in the American system of government there is or can be a public service of merit, public officials selected on the merit principle and retained in position because of that merit, are not a part of the procession.

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The present legislature will probably be known in history as the "riper legislature." That would certainly be a most appropriate name. It is the first in the history of Michigan to lend itself to purely partisan legislation whose sole purpose is to overthrow political enemies who have become too popular with the people. To do this local rights have been invaded in the most shameful fashion.

The riper legislation has been most reprehensible. It has been dictated by leaders who are more reprehensible and crooked. Such legislation ordinarily reacts upon those responsible for it. It remains to be seen whether it will in this instance or not. They certainly would with a people so largely given over to the pursuit of money the result may be very different. Our people have become so accustomed to any and all kinds of political corruption that any old thing goes that is performed by the majority.

The New York City board of education has ordered vertical writing dropped and a slant system introduced in its place. The slant system is not the old one however but is a compromise between the vertical and the old slant system. The reasons given for going back to the slant system are that it is conducive to greater speed, is more easily written, and does not require such an awkward and strained attitude on the part of the pupil. These of course are some of the very reasons formerly advanced in favor of the vertical. Some publishing house has probably gotten out some new books on penmanship and got a book sharp to push their introduction for the sake of the profits of the sales and not because of any advantage to the pupil who is learning to write. With the clash of systems to contend with the pupils will be fortunate if they learn to write at all, but the consequences will not be so important now as they would a generation ago. The typewriter has so largely taken the place of penmanship in commercial correspondence that all kinds that it will not matter so much should writing become a lost art.

It is said that Washington government circles are becoming alarmed over the position taken by European statesmen in favor of a combination of European powers against the United States in commercial matters. It is thought the movement will result in a practically prohibitory tariff against American products unless there is a radical change in our practically prohibitory tariff schedules. The trusts have made it possible for the great captains of industry to become most aggressive in the European markets and at the same time the extreme tariff policy here has remained for them the home market and compelled the American consumer to help pay the cost of the aggressive policy pursued to get the European markets. It is not at all surprising that Europe should contemplate the action proposed. It is thought the threatening policy of the European powers will cause the Washington government to change its policy. If the trusts demand a change for the benefit of their foreign trade it will of course be made. It will not be made in the interest of the American consumer, however. It would not be strange, therefore, to see the next national campaign conducted on the tariff issue again.

Subscribers who pay one dollar in advance to the Sentinel-Commercial will be given a map of Michigan and the world worth a dollar. That idea is not in the Judson dictionary.

47—G. G. Stimson.
48—Fred T. Stimson.
49—J. H. Manning, Ypsilanti.
50—Louise Ashton.

The fifty-first to the one-hundredth prizes were 50 cents subscription to the papers and were taken by the persons who get their subscriptions extended as follows:

Six weeks subscription Daily Argus—A. W. Schlyer, J. B. Eblner, Fred McOmber, H. A. Souther, Sumner Damon, Ypsilanti. E. J. E. Gross, L. L. Renwick, Henry J. LeFarge, Ypsilanti, Dr. C. L. Meader, M. E. Corwin, George Rowe, G. W. Warren, C. H. Shearer, C. J. Plympton, Oscar Schmid, H. Hawley, Miss Kate B. Joslyn, Ypsilanti.

Six weeks subscription Washtenaw Times—Janette Hawkes, Orrin Tatlock, M. Chandler, Mrs. G. A. Servis, Manchester, Mrs. H. E. Sargeant, Rice A. Beal, Mrs. A. F. Shepherd, Mrs. Ed. H. Eberbach, Mrs. J. A. Bartlett, Saline, George Spathe, Jr., Mrs. E. L. Schumacher, Mary Cole, Mrs. Martha Begrin, William F. Waidner, Ypsilanti, Barney Boyle, Mrs. Brooks French, Minnie McKenzie, Mrs. O. L. Robinson, H. O. Buss, Miss G. E. Vaughn, Mildred Tremper.

Six months' subscription to the Argus-Democrat—Justus Nixon, Mrs. Angie Staebler, Carrie Uphaus, Manchester.

Six months subscription to Courier-Register—William Arnold, F. W. Buss, H. M. Roys, Farwell, Mich., Helen F. Baker, Lansing, Mich., Miss Mayme Stremick, West Salem, Ohio, W. H. Dancer.

Six months subscription to Sentinel-Commercial—L. A. Saunders, Hamburg, F. W. Kimmel, Rural Delivery, Ypsilanti, E. George Iback, Stony Creek.

The one hundred and first to the two hundredth prizes went as follows:

Three months subscription to Daily Argus—William A. Peabody, Saline, H. E. Bell, Godfrey Schoettle, S. M. Humphrey, Bertha May Green, Kalamazoo, W. Gillen, F. W. Staebler, Mrs. C. Andress, D. Davis, Dora M. Tice, Caroline O. Harrow, Cool House, O. H. Lutz, A. L. Nicklas, John Walz, Jr., Albert E. Wurster, E. W. Hurd, A. Levy, Clara R. Mann, Will E. Smith, Ypsilanti, G. J. Hill, Leila Stoll, Ypsilanti, Theresa Kearns, M. L. D. Shearer, A. F. Nerlinger, Lydia Schlemmer, H. M. Woods, Henry C. LeFarge, Ypsilanti, Stella Ollendorf, Alta Rankin, W. H. Dancer, George Harvey, Miriam E. Smith, Ypsilanti, E. F. Warren, Mrs. M. W. Milward, Mrs. E. G. Leipheimer, Mrs. Raphael Kapp, Ypsilanti.

Three weeks subscription to Washtenaw Times—John G. Harvey, E. L. J. Smith, Mary Motley, Alfred Hutzel, Emma E. Dunn, A. L. Bostick, Ypsilanti, Mrs. J. Reichard, William Hochrein, Sarah E. Ames, O. C. Johnson, F. F. Shilling, Emma East, P. East, G. Fred Ronneberger, Miss Annie Day Robinson, Mrs. T. B. Williams, Paul C. McNeil, Stretch & Oliver, G. H. Sodt, Byron E. G. Batley, Dr. E. D. Brooks, Newton J. Harris, Detroit, J. L. Harter, B. J. Conrad, Mrs. Wm. Wilson, Ypsilanti, Janette Gilmore, Margaret Lydecker, A. F. Smith, Rural Route No. 1, John Howard, J. B. Bullis, Mrs. L. Lewis, Floyd W. Parker, Dixboro, Ormond E. Hunt, F. W. Brown.

Three months subscription to Argus-Democrat—John Wuerther, Manchester, Godfrey S. Paul, William F. Walker, Herbert Gilman, William Bunting, Everett Davenport, York, Jacob Wahl, Mrs. Bertha Draper, York, James H. Murray, Salem, Edward DeFries, James Burke, Rural No. 1, Harvey Scott, Mrs. Yale Leland, Rushton, Grace Gifford, Gail H. Cavanaugh, Grace F. Smith, Rural Route No. 1, John Howard, J. B. Bullis, Mrs. L. Lewis, Floyd W. Parker, Dixboro, Ormond E. Hunt.

Three months subscription to Courier-Register—Joseph Wilsey, Margaret Gunn, Rural No. 1, Fred A. Cole, Plymouth, Miss Ruby M. Rouse, Saline, Mary Campbell, St. Johns, Mich., L. P. VanSlyke, Geneva, N. Y., Mary E. Fulde, W. E. Parker, Dixboro, Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt.

Three months subscription to Sentinel-Commercial—E. D. Webb, Ypsilanti, E. D. Webb, Ypsilanti, Hiram Brown, Ypsilanti, W. R. Payne, Nashville, Tenn.

The following prize winners get a five-cent tablet or a five-cent lead pencil on calling at this office:

Mrs. Cynthia Abrams, box 97, Brighton, Mich.; Florence N. Adams, J. W. Ainsworth, O. A. Ainsworth, 511 Chicago ave., Ypsilanti, Mich.; E. T. Alber, Wm. H. Alber, Earl V. Aldridge, J. H. Allmand, H. D. Allmand,

DETROIT, YPSILANTI, ANN ARBOR & JACKSON RAILWAY
TIME TABLE.

In Effect April 16th, 1901.

The first cars will leave Ypsilanti going east and west at 6:15 a. m. The first car leaves Ann Arbor going east at 6:45 a. m. Cars will run every half hour until 8:30 p. m., after that every hour; the last car leaving Ann Arbor going east at 11:15 p. m., and the last car west leaving Detroit at 11:15 p. m. In addition to this a local car will leave Ann Arbor for Ypsilanti at 12:15 a. m. and another at 1:15 a. m.

Time Table—In Effect Jan. 2, 1901.

Leave Ypsilanti. *Leave Saline*

6:45 a. m. 7:30 a. m.

8:45 9:45

10:45 11:45

12:45 p. m. 1:45 p. m.

2:45 3:45

4:45 5:45

6:45 7:30

8:45 9:45

10:45 11:45

A special car will be run from Ypsilanti at 12:45 a. m. on the arrival of the Opera car from Detroit, for special parties of ten or more, on short notice and without extra charge.

LOCAL BREVITIES

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Van Tuyl will remove to Detroit.

Misses Elizabeth and Celia Fuhrman spent Sunday in Detroit.

Dr. Cornue has purchased the Johnson property on Hamilton st.

Olin Underwood has accepted a position with the Monroe electric road.

Mrs. John Percival of Augusta died Friday morning, aged about 77 years.

Albert Horsman of the fire department is spending his vacation in Eaton Rapids.

The new police force is on duty, and the "exs" are to be seen on the streets in citizens' clothes.

The Normal Y. W. C. A. will give a gymnasium exhibition at the Normal gymnasium May 18.

Dr. Albert Leonard addressed the Epworth League at the Methodist church Sunday evening.

Miss Gertrude Conway of Detroit has been spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Edward Ryan.

C. N. Ellis has sold his property on the southeast corner of Hamilton and Pearl streets to J. H. Wortley.

Co. L gave the last of its long series of Saturday evening dances at the armory last Saturday evening.

Mrs. W. R. Wilson of Newcastle, Ind., and Mrs. D. A. Hammond of Ann Arbor were in the city yesterday.

Edward H. Meyers, son of Wm. and Bertha Meyers, of 214 East Forest avenue, aged 2 years, died Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Babcock are the happy parents of a fine boy baby that arrived in their home yesterday morning.

The members of Carpenter Post, G. A. R., attended the funeral of Milo B. Schaffer in a body yesterday afternoon.

Co. L will go on a "hike" Saturday evening, May 18, and spend the following Sunday in camp near Tuttle's bridge.

Prof. S. B. Laird of the Normal will deliver the commencement addresses at the Normal and Dexter high schools this year.

Word comes of the marriage of Miss Beatrice Nesbitt, a former popular Normal student, and K. P. Phillips of Grand Rapids.

The new street commissioner, A. McPherson, has assumed the reins of office, his first work having been done on the east side.

The Harmonious Mystics, a Conservative sorority, will hold their annual reception at the gymnasium Friday evening, May 24.

Mrs. Julia C. Geer died at her home in Superior on Saturday, aged 36 years. The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Miss Katie Bourke died at her mother's home, 631 North Adams street, Sunday at 1:30 p. m., after a long illness, aged 26 years.

Rev. F. B. Cressey of Dayton, O., will give an illustrated lecture in China, at the Baptist church, Sunday evening. All invited.

Roberts and Horner shipped 75 head of cattle averaging 1,100 pounds each, Thursday afternoon, at an average price of 4½¢ per pound.

The remains of Betsy Sarah Bacon were brought here for interment Thursday afternoon from Pontiac. She formerly lived in Superior.

Mrs. Isabel Goldsmith of 129 Congress st., died Monday morning after a protracted illness, aged 72 years. Funeral strictly private.

M. B. Schaffer, who has been ill since last December, was successfully operated upon by Dr. Clifford at his residence, 219 Oak st., Friday.

The Normals beat Albion by 14 to 11, and Albion now lays it all over Kalamazoo by 14 to 7, so the prospects for the Normal-Kalamazoo game are cheering.

The Woman's Mission Circle of the Baptist church will meet at the church Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. Subject, "Ningpo, China;" leader, Mrs. G. M. Gaudy.

The City ball team will play a practice game Saturday afternoon of this week on the fair grounds. All interested are requested to come and see how the team works.

The colored baptism at the water works bridge Sunday was witnessed by 1,500 persons, many of whom were colored people from Detroit and Ann Arbor.

Harper C. Maybee, who has been elected instructor in music at the Central Normal for the coming year, was in Mt. Pleasant Saturday looking over his new field.

J. F. Webb went to Windsor Tuesday and took a 50-mile ride in an automobile over portion of the proposed route of the railway he is interested in there.

Harry Hill was arrested Friday night charged with being drunk. Yesterday morning he was brought before Justice Joslyn, who suspended sentence on him.

Miss Mary Kopp, instructor of the first grade in the central school for several years, has been elected critic teacher at the Mt. Pleasant Normal for the coming year.

Miss Albertson and Miss Snyder, members of the Normal graduating class, have been appointed critic teachers in the Mt. Pleasant Normal training school for the coming year.

Walter Pierce was in Detroit Monday and engaged four members of the Northwestern band to play with the Ypsilanti band at the approaching reunion in Ann Arbor of the 31st Michigan.

The annual indoor athletic meet to decide whether the senior, juniors or sophomore men at the Normal shall hold the Showman cup for the following year, will occur Friday afternoon, May 17.

Roy Haight, William Haight and Emil Vokac of the Whitmire orchestra recently attached themselves to a traveling medicine show, so the orchestra is temporarily pieced out with outside talent.

Robert G. Burrell, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Burrell, died Monday, at the parental home, 209 Perrin street. The funeral will be held tomorrow at 10:30 and the interment will be at Dentons.

The menu for the Parish Aid society supper next Saturday at St. Luke's church house is as follows: Beef loaf, creamed potatoes, pickles, radishes, cottage cheese, brown and white bread, doughnuts, tea and coffee.

The D. Y. & A. A. will run a special car direct to the university at 7:15 local time, Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings. The car will be at the corner of Williams and State streets at the close of the entertainment.

The Epworth League and the Sunday school of the Methodist church are preparing for the annual May festival, which will occur Friday evening, May 31. The principal feature will be the ranta, "A Picnic in Fairyland."

The comedy, "Seven-Twenty-Eight," so successfully given by Normal students during the winter, was repeated in Normal hall Saturday evening, before a larger house than witnessed the first presentation, and in a more finished manner.

Owen pitched a good game for Detroit Thursday, but Milwaukee won by 7 to 6. Owen's record in the game is as follows: Three times at bat, one run, a two-bagger, two put-outs, four assists; four bases on balls, one wild pitch, two strike outs.

Fred Fay, the president of the D. Y. & A. A. employees' branch of the Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Employees of America, attended the association's annual convention at Buffalo as the representative of the local branch.

The remains of Mrs. M. M. Woodruff, widow of Charles Woodruff former editor of the Sentinel, were brought here Thursday by electric car and interred in Highland Cemetery. Four sons and other relatives and friends accompanied the remains from Detroit.

The Ypsilanti branch of the American Federation of Labor have secured a membership of 150, and at their meeting Thursday evening they closed the charter membership list, so future members will only be admitted on application.

Attention mothers! St. Luke's Parish Aid society will give a "baby party" the first week in June. Prizes will be given to the prettiest boy baby, prettiest girl baby, the baby with the prettiest eyes. All babies between the age of one month and two years are invited.

Samson chapter, O. E. S., of Detroit has invited Ypsilanti chapter to return a visit recently made here by Samson chapter. The return visit will be made on the evening of the 23d, next week Thursday. Members of Ypsilanti chapter who expect to go are requested to hand their names to Mrs. Anna Carpenter or to Mrs. Emma Fisk, secretary.

The announcement of the semi-annual apportionment of the primary school money shows that the per capita rate is 40 cents, which will mean \$674.40 for Ypsilanti, as it numbers in population 1,686 children of school age. This is the smallest per capita in many years, and as the school census of the city is fairly constant, Ypsilanti's share of primary school money this spring is considerably below what it has been in other years.

The last of the Halcyon club's ten dancing parties was given in Light Guard hall Friday evening, and was the most successful of the series. Fifty-five couples were present, which made the hall an interesting picture of life and color. The patrollers were Mesdames Benton, George, Van Fossum, Hemphill, Owen, Stevens, McFarlane and R. W. Hemphill. Refreshments were served in the parlors by the ladies of the Episcopal church.

The City ball team will play a practice game Saturday afternoon of this week on the fair grounds. All interested are requested to come and see how the team works.

There was a blaze at the fire department Monday night which burned considerable of a hole in the floor of the billiard room in the third story, so that the fire dropped down on one of the firemen sleeping in the second story before it was discovered. It is supposed to have caught from a cigar stub accidentally thrown into a box containing sawdust.

L. P. Whitecomb, one of the directors of the Intercollegiate Athletic association, has received a sample of the first and second prize medals which are to be given out at the annual field day. The designs are very attractive, and the workmanship is excellent, the medals being perhaps the most artistic which have ever been awarded by the association.

The City base ball team will play its first regular game on Decoration day with the Maccabee team of Grand River tent of Detroit, on the fair grounds. It is hoped Ypsilanti people will show appreciation of the efforts being made to furnish amusement during the dull summer days. A bus will be run to the grounds and the cost will be five cents a ride.

Company G held its final meeting Tuesday night to perfect arrangements to attend reunion of the 31st Michigan at Ann Arbor on Friday, May 17. The Ypsilanti Light Guard will go to the reunion. A band of 16 pieces will accompany the soldiers. Gen. Green will make all transportation arrangements, but it has not been given out just when the boys will start.

Prof. DeForest Ross of the Ypsilanti high school, assisted by students from his classes, will illustrate some features of his laboratory work at the National Teachers' association in Detroit July 7. The apparatus to be used in the demonstration is that which Prof. Ross has himself invented and manufactured, and which is in daily use in his laboratory.

Ald. Stevens of the third ward is taking a stand on the question of street crossings in his ward, which may well be adopted by the other senior aldermen, his contention being that the best material for street crossings is brick. He has caused three brick crossings to be laid in the north portion of the ward and a fourth is to be put in on the corner of Emmet and Washington streets.

The Ypsilanti Whist club's winning team, Messrs. Rogers, Cook, Fancher and Platt, have been challenged by the second of the two Detroit teams, consisting of Messrs. Kurtz, Stellwagen, Ellsworth and Simmons. The Cavenish team, which the Ypsilantians defeated Saturday, is generally considered the stronger of the two Detroit teams, but the few gentlemen who have sent in the last challenge are strong players and will put up a hard fight for the trophy cup.

Robert K. Wharton of the First Presbyterian church, will preach next Sunday morning and evening. Morning worship at 10:30, with sermon on "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Evening worship at 7:30, with sermon on "The Lie that Cost a Life." Sunday school at 12 m. Young people's meeting at 6:30 in the evening. The people's service Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. If not going elsewhere, you are cordially invited to any or all of these services.

The Rosary society have a handsome booth on the south side of the hall, which is devoted to a lavish display of fancy goods, arranged to present an extremely attractive appearance.

The opening occurred Tuesday evening, when an interesting program was given by Miss Grace Ely, vocalist; R. G. Pearce, as "Weary Waggles, the tramp;" J. A. Heunessey, black face comedian; and Messrs. Pearce and Heunessey, as singing comedians.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take it.

MANCHESTER CASE
IS NOW SETTLED

In the chancery case of John S. Orr and Emma J. Orr, complainants, vs. Augustus L. Webster, trustee, Walter Hulbert, Bessie Hulbert, Ernest Hulbert, James Hulbert and Frankie Hulbert, defendants, has been settled by a decree of Judge Kinne, the present trustee, H. M. Wood resigning his trusteeship and paying in to the register of the court, Philip Blum, the sum of \$3,449.08, which he will distribute as follows:

Walter Hulbert, \$469.82; Heman M. Woods, guardian of Bessie Hulbert, \$624.82; Fred H. Belser, guardian of Ernest Hulbert, \$699.82; William R. Mount, guardian of James Hulbert, \$719.81; Darius Segner, guardian of Frankie Hulbert, \$749.81.

The Orrs are uncle and aunt of the children and they commenced the action in 1894 for the purposes of enforcing the terms of a trust deed. The parties all reside near Manchester.

SPECIAL SUNDAY EXCURSION
The Michigan Central will run a special train to Jackson, Battle Creek, Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids and intermediate points, on Sunday, May 19, leaving Ypsilanti 8:20 a. m., returning leave Grand Rapids 6:30 p. m.; Kalamazoo 7:30 p. m.; Battle Creek 8:05 p. m. and Jackson at 9:15 p. m.

Fare for round trip to Jackson, 75¢; Battle Creek, \$1.25; Kalamazoo, \$1.75; Grand Rapids, \$1.75.

Children under 12 half rate. Bicycles checked free.

B. M. DAMON, Agent.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSION.
To the south, southwest and northwest, May 21, June 4 and 18.
On above dates the Michigan Central will sell round trip tickets, good returning 21 days, at greatly reduced rates. Inquire at ticket office.
B. M. DAMON, Agent.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascareta.

Candy Cathartie, cure constipation forever.

10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

CATHOLIC FAIR IS NOW OPEN

After months of planning and soliciting and a week of transporting and arranging the Catholic Fair has been opened in Light Guard hall.

The ladies of the Catholic church are noted for their energy and executive ability, but in this last venture they have surpassed even themselves, as are to be given out at the annual field day. The designs are very attractive, and the workmanship is excellent, the medals being perhaps the most artistic which have ever been awarded by the association.

The ladies have been indefatigable in soliciting money and articles of every description, and the result is seen in a line of artistically constructed booths, crowded with things of beauty and utility.

Everything is new, fresh and modern, and excellent taste has been exercised in the arrangement of the booths, so the effect is pleasing in the extreme, particularly in the evening, when the hall is illuminated by the white glow of the arc lights, and filled with crowds of people.

The booths are seven in number, and in addition a large wheel of fortune occupies a conspicuous position on the west side of the hall, and a long table for refreshments fills the stage.

The first booth, beginning on the west side near the stage, is an exhibit of miscellaneous articles such as clothing, toilet articles, fancy work, etc., and it is under the management of Mrs. John Smith and Mrs. Leon Keusch.

Next toward the west is the wheel of fortune and an exhibit of groceries, following which is a handsome booth containing pictures, under the care of Mrs. Eva Geise. This booth holds many fine works of art, and makes a very attractive appearance.

The southwest corner is occupied by the fancy work booth, which is looked after by Miss Alice Grimes. Their exhibit is attractive and artistic, and finds many admirers.

The Japanese booth, on the south side, is under the management of the L. C. B. A., and particularly in charge of Mrs. G. W. Johnson, and is filled with dolls and articles of children's clothing. This exhibit attracts the attention especially of the feminine portion of the spectators, who go into ecstasies over the tiny garments and price over and over again each article in the collection.

Samson has a handsome exhibit of bicycles, sheet music and musical instruments in the southeast corner, the booth being the largest and most showy of the seven.

Mrs. J. B. Colvan and Mrs. Anna O'Connor preside over that indispensable adjunct of a fair and reliable money-maker, the candy booth, which in this case is unusually inviting and exceptionally well stocked.

The Rosary society have a handsome booth on the south side of the hall, which is devoted to a lavish display of fancy goods, arranged to present an extremely attractive appearance.

The opening occurred Tuesday evening, when an interesting program was given by Miss Grace Ely, vocalist; R. G. Pearce, as "We

THE ART OF ROWING.

Important Work of Coaches In Developing Winning Crews.

COURTNEY'S CAREER AT CORNELL.

How the Advisory Oarsman's Methods Affect a Season's Success—Ward and Hanlan—What They Have Done For Pennsylvania and Columbia.

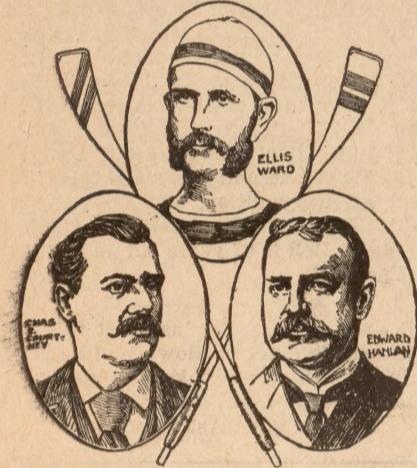
While the various rowing crews throughout the country are rounding into form for their racing season a glance at the men responsible for the showing of the oarsmen will be of interest. The coach of the modern crew is of paramount importance in his relation to the ultimate success or failure of the season's work, and to him is due the development of the awkward novice into the powerful master oarsman.

The best coaches at present appear to be associated with the college crews. Many athletic clubs and rowing associations have accomplished instructors in this line, but the cream of the profession has gravitated toward the institutions of learning that take active interest in aquatics.

One of the most popular as well as one of the best known rowing experts in the country is Charles E. Courtney, the Cornell coach. Courtney has directed Ithacan rowing affairs for 18 years. His winning crews, using the efficacious "Courtney stroke," were the primary means by which Cornell became recognized as a dangerous factor in intercollegiate athletics.

Courtney was born in 1849 at Union Springs, N. Y., and was an enthusiastic rower when but a mere boy. He became the greatest oarsman of his time, winning 89 races in the amateur class without a single defeat.

But Courtney's luck changed when he became a professional. He has always called himself foolish for doing it. He was beaten an inch by Edward Hanlan in 1878. He went to Chautauqua lake in 1879 to meet Hanlan again over the five mile course. It was on



A TRIO OF FAMOUS COACHES.

the morning set for this race that Courtney's racing shell was discovered in the boathouse sawed in half. The general supposition at that time was that he himself had sawed the craft in two rather than risk defeat. This one event has thrown a shadow over his whole life. Courtney it was who invented the roller seat now of international use in shells.

Ellis Ward of the University of Pennsylvania is a coach of sterling ability. He has been with the Quakers for many years and is considered a permanent fixture there. His stroke is somewhat similar to that originated by the former Yale coach, Al Cook.

In 1891 Ward had a disagreement with Pennsylvania and left the institution. He took with him the entire Quaker eight and joined what was then the Manhattan Athletic club of New York. The breach was healed in 1896, however, and Ward has since remained there. As an oarsman he achieved international reputation.

The famous aquatic expert at Columbia university, Edward Hanlan, is a Canadian. He was born in Toronto in 1855 and has coached the Columbia crews since 1896.

Hanlan has done wonders at the New York college. Out of very poor material he evolved several creditable crews in both fours and eights. In the last two or three years, with a better class of rowing stock to choose from, he has succeeded in placing on the water some unusually speedy combinations.

Novel Racing Saddle.

The so called "American" style of race riding, following the successes of American jockeys in England, is responsible for about the queerest invention that the turf has ever known in the matter of racing tackle.

The new instrument is a saddle equipped with a stirrup that slides on a strap fastened at either end of the saddle, with the object of changing the weight of the rider from forward to the rear and from the rear forward as the horse strides. It has come into use in England already and has convinced even the skeptical to such a degree that the new device now has been introduced into America.

Increase of Two-year-olds.

According to official figures this year there are registered with the New York Jockey club 3,650 2-year-olds. Ten years ago statistics show that there was not so great a number of horses of all ages in training in the United States.

For the Racket Championship.

The Queen's club of London expects a challenge from George Standing, the American champion racket player, for a series of matches at both rackets and court tennis during the summer with Peter Latham.

POLICE COMMISSION MADE APPOINTMENTS

MARSHAL C. M. WARNER, PATROL-MEN THOMAS RYAN, T. J. BASOM.

The Deadlock Was Settled Between Quirk, Platt and Allen.

After numberless sessions, long-drawn discussions and considerable investigation of the merits of the respective candidates the new police commission have made their appointments as follows:

Marshal—C. M. Warner.

Patrolman for west side—Thomas Ryan.

Patrolman for east side—F. J. Basom.

It is understood that the deadlock arose from the fact that Quirk and Platt were opposed to Warner for marshal; that Quirk and Allen were opposed to Ryan for deputy, and that Quirk desired to land P. W. Ross in one of the two berths.

The matter is said to have been settled by Allen and Platt's quietly coming to an understanding, which left Quirk out in the cold.

There was no dispute over Basom.

CATARRH, Called an American disease, is cured by an American medicine, originated and prepared in the most catarrhal American countries.

That medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It cures radically and permanently, in that it removes the cause, cleansing the blood of scrofulous and all other inner impurities. It overcomes all the effects of catarrh, too, and builds up the whole system.

YPSILANTI WHIST TEAM VICTORIOUS

Rogers, Cook, Fancher and Platt, Ypsilanti's crack whist team, demonstrated that the Greek City understands a thing or two about the silent game by defeating the Detroit champions by 20 to 15, in a challenge contest for the Michigan Whist League trophy cup, held at the sanitarium Saturday afternoon and evening.

Forty-eight trays were played, of which the Ypsilantians won by 17 and the Detroit players by 12, the remaining 19 showing no change.

The game was an excellent one from a whistler's standpoint, as both teams played straight whist with no eccentricities, and as no more than two points were made by either side on any tray.

Ypsilanti won the trophy cup at the recent annual meeting of the Michigan Whist League at Grand Rapids, and by the rules of the league must defend it against any team of the league which may choose to send in a challenge.

The Ypsilantians deserve great credit for their victory Saturday, as their opponents, Messrs. Eaton, Wesson, Steiner and Austin are considered the champions of the state, one of their feats having been performed at the recent National Whist Congress at Buffalo, where they tied for first place in the primaries, and in the play-off won second from all the contestants.

Health for 10 Cents.

A lively liver, pure blood, clean skin, bright eyes, perfect health—Cascares Candy Cathartic will obtain and secure them for you. Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, inc.

From Infancy To Age



Laxakola for Babies.—It is the best and most effective laxative for children. BEST because it is safe and made entirely of harmless ingredients. BEST because it is non-irritating and never gripes or causes pain or irritation. BEST because it is sure and never fails. BEST because "Children like it and ask for it." BEST because its tonic properties are so good and so strengthening that it keeps the little ones in fine, healthy condition.

It is a dangerous thing to give little babies violent cathartics that rack and rend their little bodies. DON'T DO IT—give them Laxakola. For constipation, coated tongue, simple colds and fevers it is invaluable.

Laxakola for Young Girls on the threshold of womanhood, has been found invaluable. When they become pale and languid, the eyes dull, aching head, feet and hands cold, appetite gone or abnormal, and their systems generally run down, then they build up, and their blood needs cleaning. Give them Laxakola, its gentle bowel action to cleanse and its tonic properties to build up the system, will show immediate and most beneficial results.

Laxakola for Mothers.—It is particularly valuable and useful to women, especially mothers, as it is a gentle and safe remedy to use during all conditions of health whenever their peculiar and delicate constitutions require a mild and efficient laxative and tonic, while to nursing mothers, worn out with the care of infants and whose systems therefore are particularly susceptible to disease Laxakola particularly appeals.

It clears the complexion, brightens the eye, sharpens the appetite, removes muddy and blotched condition of the skin and cures sick headache to a certainty by removing the cause.

Women suffering from chronic constipation, headache, biliousness, dizziness, sallowness of the skin and dyspepsia, Laxakola will invariably bring relief.

Laxakola for Old Folks.—In the Autumn and Winter of Life, when the various organs through long years of action have become more or less sluggish, it becomes necessary to stimulate them by some remedy best adapted to that purpose. That Laxakola is such, has been proved beyond all question. Its gentle warming, soothing action on the bowels, liver and kidneys, stimulates them to increased activity, cleanses the blood, quickens the circulation, and puts the whole system in a condition of health and enables it to ward off disease, while its tonic properties tone up the system and keep it healthy.



Laxakola Does It.

Laxakola is not only the most efficient of family remedies, but the most economical because it contains two medicines for one price, tonic and laxative. No other remedy gives so much for the money. All druggists, 25c. and 50c., or free sample of the LAXAKOLA CO., 132 Nassau St., N. Y., or 356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

ONLY WANTS \$10,000 TO HEAL HIS WOUNDS

Milan, Mich., May 13.—Murt Hurley, who is employed by the Model Hoop and Stave Co. has commenced suit against Samuel Gibson, a farmer living near this village, for \$10,000 damages. Gibson, it is alleged, assaulted Hurley, and accused him of robbing him of a watch. Hurley protested his innocence but Gibson refused to believe it.

TIS EASY TO FEEL GOOD.

Countless thousands have found a blessing to the body in Dr. King's New Life Pills, which positively cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Dizziness, Jaundice, Malaria, Fever and Ague and all Liver and Stomach troubles. Purely vegetable; never gripe or weaken. Only 25c at C. W. Rogers & Co.'s and Mortford & Smith's drug stores.

EXPENSIVE LAUGHTER.

It Cost the Promoter of Trusts a Good Sized Fortune.

"Oh, yes, I used to appreciate the humor of the situation when a pedestrian fell down on an icy corner," said the promoter of trusts, with a weary smile, "but that was years ago, before I had come to realize that humor and business didn't mix very well. I was making my way along an icy street in Boston one day when a very stiff and dignified man just ahead of me suddenly came down with a crash. His heels flew up, his hat flew off, and he had such a look of surprise in his eyes that I leaned up against a lamppost and laughed till I cried. When the victim finally picked himself up and found that all his teeth were yet in their sockets, he stood before me and said:

"Sir, you seem to be amused about something."

"Yes, I am," I said.

"Is it about my fall?"

"Yes. You were going along, you know, and all at once—ha, ha, ha."

"And all at once what happened?"

"Why, you slipped and clawed and yelled out, and then your toes shot up, and you played circus, and—ha, ha."

"Sir," said he as he turned away, "it may have been very funny, but we shall meet again and see about it."

Three years later, when I had the biggest kind of a deal on hand and needed only one more factory to complete it, I called at the proprietor's office to put on the finishing touches. He was a stranger to me, but I had only begun my story when he held up his hand and said:

"That will do. You were going along, you know, and all at once—ha, ha."

"I don't understand, sir."

"Why, you slipped and clawed and yelled, and your toes shot up, and you played circus, and—ha, ha, ha!"

"That was enough," continued the promoter. "I remembered him, and I also realized that he would never forgive me. I took up my hat and walked out, and when I had figured up I found that my laughter had cost me about \$40,000."

M. QUAD.

A Basis of Settlement.

"Did Morgan give you the lie?"

"Yes, and his second has just been trying to adjust matters peacefully."

"Showing the white feather, eh?"

"What did he propose?"

"That Morgan should withdraw the epithet if I would admit the fact"—Leslie's Weekly.

Mrs. J. No matter what causes facial eruptions, absolute cleanliness inside and out is the only way to cure them. Rocky Mountain Tea taken this month will drive them away. 35c. Ask your druggist.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Bright Little Mabel Taliaferro—Mrs. Le Moyne to Star as Lady Macbeth.

Mabel Taliaferro, who is one of the select organization which is making a flying tour of the country with Mrs. Le Moyne, Miss Eleanor Robson and Mr. Otis Skinner, is perhaps the most accomplished child actress on the American stage. Mabel does not appear in "In a Balcony," her efforts being confined to a somewhat unimportant role in "The Land of Heart's Desire," but those who affect to be below surface critics declare that her work in that role, taken in connection with some of her recent impersonations stamps her as nothing less than a genius of the first water. Certain it is that in a few years, when Mabel shall have arrived at the point in her life when she will resent a salutation which is not prefaced by the title "Miss," she

should find little difficulty in getting leading roles, to be followed in short order by a stellar venture. This child has a spirituelle face, a sweet voice and that indefinable charm of the possessor of which facial beauty is unnecessary. In addition to all this, she reads beautifully, with exquisite appreciation of the value of emphasis and inflection. All in all, Mabel bids fair to become an exception to the long accepted rule that no phenomenally good child actress ever amounts to much in after years.

There really must be something in the oft repeated assertion of the managers that it is next to impossible to obtain a sufficient number of plays of the sort which the public wants. Upon no other theory can the semiofficially announced intention of Messrs. Liebler & Co. to star Mrs. Le Moyne next season in "Macbeth" be accounted for.

To the average theater goer "Macbeth" is one of the most unpleasant of Shakespeare's plays. Indeed, it is more of a study than a play, and the fact that it appeals to the cultured few has been the strongest factor operating against its general use by stars. Most persons see "Macbeth" and criticize it from the standpoint of melodrama, not being able to appreciate the subtlety of the character drawing or the overwhelming strength and cogent beauty of the language. There are so few who understand these things that, speaking broadly, an audience will go nowadays to see the star and not to see "Macbeth." Lady Macbeth is an excellent role, but Macbeth, if he be properly "bodied forth," dominates the play. If the part be slovenly performed or even if it be intrusted to an actor of only ordinary ability, the whole structure falls to pieces.

If there is one woman in the United States who can give a satisfactory performance of Lady Macbeth, she is Mrs. Le Moyne. But where is the man to play Macbeth? I saw Henry Irving in the part, and he was almost funny. Besides, there is little chance that the general public will take interest in any production of "Macbeth" in which there are not several stars of great reputation, and, after all, managers are not in business for their health. It is deplorable that this condition should exist, but that it does exist cannot be denied.

The season which has just ended has not been a particularly good one for the gentlemen who are so aggressively bringing commercialism to the fore in the theatrical affairs of this country. They have had one or two big successes, but most of their ventures have not made any more money than a prudent bank is willing to accept for deposit. Their experiments early in the season with nasty French back door farces, which hitherto had paid fairly well, were attended with such disastrous results that they were dropped in a hurry. The sex problem plays also appear to have had a rather hard row to hoe, although "Sapho" made a great deal of money in communities not familiar with its dull bids to the prurient.

The star factories, however, continue to work overtime, and next season we are to be treated to a burst of stars in the persons of young women who, if the theatrical business of the country were in a normal condition, would be fortunate to have second positions in companies of prominence. May Robson declares that this is due to the demand of the managers in small cities, who say that a play in which one person is starred will draw more money than the same play with the same company including the individual who might be starred. This is as manifestly a mistake as it is manifestly the defense of the starmakers.

Of course, if the public is willing to stand this foisting upon it of nobodies it will continue to be done, but a little "leaving alone" on the part of that same public will serve to bring these fellows who dub themselves theatrical "directors" up "with a round turn and a half hitch," as the sailors would express it.

OCTAVUS COHEN.

New York.

To Queen Alexandra

is due the credit of creating the idea for tailor made suits.

To the makers of

Wooltex

Garments for Women

belong the credit of having brought them to the highest point of perfection. Ask your dealer to show you the new styles. Ask him to give you the wonderfully low prices.

If you can't supply you, send for "Wooltex Fashion Book," Free Address.

H. BLACK & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

CASTORIA

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

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CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children.

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.

Hood's Pills

Rouse the torpid liver, and cure biliousness, sick headache, jaundice nausea, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Purely vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 25c. all medicated dealers or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The Girl From Omaha

By ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS

Copyright, 1900, by Zoe Anderson Norris. ROM time to time made moise had announced: "He is coming back—M. Root. He is a celebrated pianist from Sweden. Already he has lived in my pension for two years. And now he is coming back."

Then the conversation drifted to other topics, and Blanche Bagley, the young newspaper woman from Omaha, thought no more of him, if she had thought of him at all.

The due course of time he came. She thought less of him after, if that could have been possible, since she had not thought of him at all. She was duly introduced. He bowed in a foreign way, his wealth of hair, worn after the fashion of musicians, falling forward and back again with the forward and backward movement of his head. She glanced carelessly at the fine strength of his musical hand, the beauty of which could but be noted, and glanced away.

One evening she borrowed a pencil and sketched one of those hands, partly for practice and partly to amuse the little Roumanian, who sat next her at table.

To her surprise, he purposely kept it posed in place where the light was good, watched her draw and finish the sketch and courteously begged it of her. Wonderfully she handed it over to him, signed her name at his suggestion and fell to wishing that she had not made a caricature of it, drawing it, in comparison with the cuff, about three sizes too large, because it had



SHE SKETCHED ONE OF THOSE HANDS.

made the little Roumanian laugh. All her life, it seemed to her, she had been ready to do almost any ridiculous thing to make people laugh.

Day after day he sat at the foot of the long table and she opposite, for mademoiselle, contrary to all rules of etiquette, occupied a place near the center and, with bread plate and wine bottle, presided there. She noticed him about as much as she noticed the German at his elbow, and he, for all her eyes rested on him, might have been located at the north pole or swung from the horn of the moon. She was stricken with some amazement, therefore, when, through the medium of an interpreter, he begged that she favor him with the pleasure of her company to the inauguration of his particular pavilion, the Pavilion Swedes. She accepted with smiles, bowed low and half mockingly to him as she passed on her way to her room and proceeded there to array herself as much like the ladies as possible for the occasion, the inauguration of the pavilion taking place that afternoon.

She was in the midst of her toilet when mademoiselle knocked at her door.

"Be exactly on time," she whispered through the chink of the opening. "Are you nearly ready?" "I am nearly ready," replied she, puzzling her brain as to why mademoiselle should so put herself out to press her toward hurrying. At length it came to her. She was distinctly honored by this invitation given by M. Root. Mademoiselle wished to impress her with the fact. So he must not be kept waiting, this distinguished gentleman—not one minute!

She hurried. She put the pins in wrong and pricked her fingers therewith from so much thinking of other things—of how, now that she remembered, they had said that M. Root was the star boarder; that he had the best chamber in the house; that a large and velvety rug had been provided for the purpose of softening the sound of his piano to suit his artistic ear; that he was waited on by the servants, and that real coffee was served to him of mornings—coffee through which had been previously passed the savory bean. Dimly also she recalled the fact that upon the evening of his arrival mademoiselle had passed him his coffee in an old blue cup. "This is your cup," she had said. "It has never been used since you left." The cup, she had remarked, was cracked all down one side, but the fact that mademoiselle had placed it carefully away where no other lips could touch it served to encircle him with a kind of halo of honor nevertheless. Since he had selected her as the recipient of some attention evidently a ray of that glory had fallen upon her.

She rushed with her dressing. She had a faint idea that her hat was a trifling to one side and the stray bands of hair needed fastening up in the back, but when mademoiselle's voice resounded in the hall, "Are you ready?" she

sped out and stood still, answering obediently, "Yes, I am ready."

He spoke little during the drive down to the Place de la Concorde, and she was glad of that, because if her French was bad his was worse, and conversation was consequently difficult. However, she was gifted to a certain extent with the talent for mind reading, and, not having been born the day before, she could pretty well guess what it was he meant to say, though it rather surprised her that he should mean to say it. She scanned him sidewise. His eyes were large and dark, his wealth of hair looked well under his silk hat—much better than it looked ordinarily under the soft felt artistic affair he was wont to wear—he was well gloved and well groomed, and he pleased her.

When they alighted at the Porte Monumentale and she stood beneath a great, blooming chestnut tree while he paid the cabby, she watched him with pleasure, and, men being so scarce and he being a celebrity in a musical way, she was rather proud than otherwise of his attentions, of the manner in which he had protected her skirts from the mud of the wheels, of his asking her to this inauguration of his and of his absent, musical glances that rested on her now and then, somewhat as if she were a symphony which he had taken a sudden fancy to study. She felt it an honor that he should have left his piano and his other symphonies for the moment for the purpose of studying her.

Presently, passing through the gate and on between rows of statues standing in niches and out by the side of tall trees and set like gems in frames of grass green shrubbery, they found themselves at the Swedish pavilion, which he proceeded to show her.

It was very charming. There were lacemakers in picturesquesque costumes, in small lace caps and aprons of various colors, with spotless fichus folded meekly over bodices straight and plain, patiently placing threads in and out of clumps of pins and forming intricate meshes of a delicacy wonderful to behold. There were weavers of rugs in costumes, if possible, even more picturesquesque, and there were makers of tapestries and young and old workers at looms.

Observing all these patient, homelike people, she brooded, wishing that she might work at something like that—at some simple thing the immediate outcome of which it was possible to see.

"Play for me," she insisted one night. To her surprise, he nodded assent.

"Come on," she waved to the others; "he is going to play," for she was a convivial soul and for the most part willing enough to share her pleasures with her friends. But, no. He would play for her alone or he would not play.

Significant eyelids were raised, some laughter was suppressed, and mademoiselle whispered: "Go. Let him play for you alone."

He was an artist. He played with a master touch. As she listened it was impossible for her to suppress a certain feeling of satisfaction that he had chosen to play for her alone, mingled with the wonder if, as an everyday diet, so much playing, however masterly, might not in the course of time become a trifle monotonous, if not tiresome.

Now and again he was separated from her for a moment, called hither and thither by people he knew. Alone and following his tall figure with her eyes, she experienced something akin to gladness, seeing that he was well known and highly thought of. Then, when he returned and, taking her arm, led her through the crowd into the small, dark rooms where the tableaux were shown, one with the facsimile of Stockholm, with its small and cunning lake, around which nestled the royal palace, the quaint, turreted buildings and the old, old church, and that other one opposite of mountains and snow and reindeer, with the little shepherd boy sleeping while his wolf dog kept watch, she felt a sort of protection in the pressure of his strong, firm fingers against the sleeve of her gown.

Later, on the first etage, he found her champagne and glace cafe and other palatable things; they sat awhile, looking over the railing at the poor people strolling aimlessly about—people who hadn't celebrated artists with invitations to take them to the festive inauguration of pavilions. And when the thing was over they went on home across the great white and gold bridge, along by the Grand Palais, through the big gate, upon either side of which the white lions crouch menacingly head down, and traversed the Champs Elysees at the risk of their lives.

On a tiny island in the middle, one of those curb islands upon which people huddle while they take their choice



"OF WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?" HE ASKED.

between being killed by a cab, tram, omnibus or voiture, he touched her shoulder and, pointing up toward the Arc de Triomphe, said: "Look! Isn't it beautiful?"

And it was. The sun was setting behind the arc. It shone through all mellow and yellow and golden. It shot rays down the Champs Elysees, lighting up the lamps of the voitures until they seemed myriads of magic lamps

glimmer; it touched the blossoms of the chestnut trees with a tender glow, like the glow of a peach.

"Beautiful, beautiful!" he repeated. She smiled in sympathy. But there were other surprises awaiting them. On the opposite side of the road there was a weeping willow and just beneath it, lo, a bed of forget-me-nots, alive and growing! "Oh, oh, oh!" she cried, stooping and picking one, whereupon he, keeping a vigilant eye upon the gendarme in their immediate vicinity, read her an endless lecture upon the sin of kleptomania, punctuated by the manner of its punishment. She fastened the sprig in the lace of her bodice, hardly listening. It was all her own, at whatever risk, and somehow or other it was the first time in her life that she had ever seen real forget-me-nots alive and growing. They compared the different names in different countries as they paced slowly on—in French, "myosotis" and "Ne m'oubliez pas;" in German, "vergiss mich nicht;" in Polish, "niezapomijajka;" and in Russian, "nezabudka." And, though the way home was long, it hardly seemed long at all.

After that it was tacitly understood that a bond of sympathy existed be-



HE ASKED HER VERY SIMPLY TO BE HIS WIFE.

tween the two, and they were allowed to come and go at will and often together.

"Play for me," she insisted one night.

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Each evening following he played for her alone, so that it came to be that she waited wishfully for the evenings and the music and him.

Pausing between the fantasies and the nocturnes, he told her of his home. In his halting French he painted it in as glowing colors as possible, and at last, just as she had expected, he spoke to her of a little place of his own that he had prepared there for the woman who was to be his wife.

Then one night, taking her two hands in his, he asked her very simply, in the straightforward manner which was one of his charms, to be his wife. And she, looking up from those fine, strong, capable hands, wishing for their protection yet half afraid—afraid of the music which was sooner, or later to supplant her, afraid of the seven daily hours of practice to which she would be forced to listen, afraid of the very simplicity of the life which would be sure to fill her with regret for the aches and throbs and delirious uncertainties of her own, afraid, most of all, of some spectral hopes which might rise mischievous and ward off happiness—tried to read her fate.

But fate is a thing unreadable. You stalk to it blind.

She hesitated for one moment, during which the hands pressed hers more firmly, more insistently—so firmly, so insistently, that, with all her fears, she dared not let them go.

"I will," she faltered, and, bending quickly, she closed her fingers over a tear that had dropped that he might not see.

The Wealth of Croesus.

Croesus was the king of Lydia, a state in Asia Minor, and ascended the throne about 562 B. C. His name has ever been a synonym for wealth, "as rich as Croesus" having been a proverb from his own time, but the most liberal estimates of his property, so far as descriptions of it have come down to us, make it worth in our money about \$10,000,000. His riches were derived from gold mines near Sardis, the capital of Lydia, and from the plunder of numerous surrounding states. The kingdom of Lydia was overrun by Cyrus, the Persian conqueror, and, according to the best authorities, Croesus was taken prisoner and kept in the train of Cyrus. The court of Croesus was considered one of the most refined and elegant of ancient times, and the ruins of the royal palace and the other magnificent buildings are still to be seen on the site of Sardis.

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FOR 10¢ STAMPS

Send 10¢ for 100 cards, 25¢ for 500 cards, 50¢ for 1,000 cards, etc.

Spots (50¢ per A. J. G. G. 10¢ per B. J. G. 20¢ per C. J. G. 30¢ per D. J. G. 40¢ per E. J. G. 50¢ per F. J. G. 60¢ per G. J. G. 70¢ per H. J. G. 80¢ per I. J. G. 90¢ per J. J. G. 100¢ per K. J. G. 110¢ per L. J. G. 120¢ per M. J. G. 130¢ per N. J. G. 140¢ per O. J. G. 150¢ per P. J. G. 160¢ per Q. J. G. 170¢ per R. J. G. 180¢ per S. J. G. 190¢ per T. J. G. 200¢ per U. J. G. 210¢ per V. J. G. 220¢ per W. J. G. 230¢ per X. J. G. 240¢ per Y. J. G. 250¢ per Z. J. G. 260¢ per A. J. G. 270¢ per B. J. G. 280¢ per C. J. G. 290¢ per D. J. G. 300¢ per E. J. G. 310¢ per F. J. G. 320¢ per G. J. G. 330¢ per H. J. G. 340¢ per I. J. G. 350¢ per J. J. G. 360¢ per K. J. G. 370¢ per L. J. G. 380¢ per M. J. G. 390¢ per N. J. G. 400¢ per O. J. G. 410¢ per P. J. G. 420¢ per Q. J. G. 430¢ per R. J. G. 440¢ per S. J. G. 450¢ per T. J. G. 460¢ per U. J. G. 470¢ per V. J. G. 480¢ per W. J. G. 490¢ per X. J. G. 500¢ per Y. J. G. 510¢ per Z. J. G. 520¢ per A. J. G. 530¢ per B. J. G. 540¢ per C. J. G. 550¢ per D. J. G. 560¢ per E. J. G. 570¢ per F. J. G. 580¢ per G. J. G. 590¢ per H. J. G. 600¢ per I. J. G. 610¢ per J. J. G. 620¢ per K. J. G. 630¢ per L. J. G. 640¢ per M. J. G. 650¢ per N. J. G. 660¢ per O. J. G. 670¢ per P. J. G. 680¢ per Q. J. G. 690¢ per R. J. G. 700¢ per S. J. G. 710¢ per T. J. G. 720¢ per U. J. G. 730¢ per V. J. G. 740¢ per W. J. G. 750¢ per X. J. G. 760¢ per Y. J. G. 770¢ per Z. J. G. 780¢ per A. J. G. 790¢ per B. J. G. 800¢ per C. J. G. 810¢ per D. J. G. 820¢ per E. J. G. 830¢ per F. J. G. 840¢ per G. J. G. 850¢ per H. J. G. 860¢ per I. J. G. 870¢ per J. J. G. 880¢ per K. J. G. 890¢ per L. J. G. 900¢ per M. J. G. 910¢ per N. J. G. 920¢ per O. J. G. 930¢ per P. J. G. 940¢ per Q. J. G. 950¢ per R. J. G. 960¢ per S. J. G. 970¢ per T. J. G. 980¢ per U. J. G. 990¢ per V. J. G. 1000¢ per W. J. G. 1010¢ per X. J. G. 1020¢ per Y. J. G. 1030¢ per Z. J. G. 1040¢ per A. J. G. 1050¢ per B. J. G. 1060¢ per C. J. G. 1070¢ per D. J. G. 1080¢ per E. J. G. 1090¢ per F. J. G. 1100¢ per G. J. G. 1110¢ per H. J. G. 1120¢ per I. J. G. 1130¢ per J. J. G. 1140¢ per K. J. G. 1150¢ per L. J. G. 1160¢ per M. J. G. 1170¢ per N. J. G. 1180¢ per O. J. G. 1190¢ per P. J. G. 1200¢ per Q. J. G. 1210¢ per R. J. G. 1220¢ per S. J. G. 1230¢ per T. J. G. 1240¢ per U. J. G. 1250¢ per V. J. G. 1260¢ per W. J. G. 1270¢ per X. J. G. 1280¢ per Y. J. G. 1290¢ per Z. J. G. 1300¢ per A. J. G. 1310¢ per B. J. G. 1320¢ per C. J. G. 1330¢ per D. J. G. 1340¢ per E. J. G. 1350¢ per F. J. G. 1360¢ per G. J. G. 1370¢ per H. J. G. 1380¢ per I. J. G. 1390¢ per J. J. G. 1400¢ per K. J. G. 1410¢ per L. J. G. 1420¢ per M. J. G. 1430¢ per N. J. G. 1440¢ per O. J. G. 1450¢ per P. J. G. 1460¢ per Q. J. G. 1470¢ per R. J. G. 1480¢ per S. J. G. 1490¢ per T. J. G. 1500¢ per U. J. G. 1510¢ per V. J. G. 1520¢ per W. J. G. 1530¢ per X. J. G. 1540¢ per Y. J. G. 1550¢ per Z. J. G. 1560¢ per A. J. G. 1570¢ per B. J. G. 1580¢ per C. J. G. 1590¢ per D. J. G. 1600¢ per E. J. G. 1610¢ per F. J. G. 1620¢ per G. J. G. 1630¢ per H. J. G. 1640¢ per I. J. G. 1650¢ per J. J. G. 1660¢ per K. J. G. 1670¢ per L. J. G. 1680¢ per M. J. G. 1690¢ per N. J. G. 1700¢ per O. J. G. 1710¢ per P. J. G. 1720¢ per Q. J. G. 1730¢ per R. J. G. 1740¢ per S. J. G. 1750¢ per T. J. G. 1760¢ per U. J. G. 1770¢ per V. J. G. 1780¢ per W. J. G. 1790¢ per X. J. G. 1800¢ per Y. J. G. 1810¢ per Z. J. G. 1820¢ per A. J. G. 1830¢ per B. J. G. 1840¢ per C. J. G. 1850¢ per D. J. G. 1860¢ per E. J. G. 1870¢ per F. J. G. 1880¢ per G. J. G. 1890¢ per H. J. G. 1900¢ per I. J. G. 1910¢ per J. J. G. 1920¢ per K. J. G. 1930¢ per L. J. G. 1940¢ per M. J. G. 1950¢ per N. J. G. 1960¢ per O. J. G. 1970¢ per P. J. G. 1980¢ per Q. J. G. 1990¢ per R. J. G. 2000¢ per S. J. G. 2010¢ per T. J. G. 2020¢ per U. J. G. 2030¢ per V. J. G. 2040¢ per W. J. G. 2050¢ per X. J. G. 2060¢ per Y. J. G. 2070¢ per Z. J. G. 2080¢ per A. J. G. 2090

DE FOREST ROSS ELECTRICAL INVENTION

DeForest Ross, the instructor in sciences at the high school, is the author of a simple invention which possesses considerable interest for electricians and which has assumed quite an important, although obscure part in the city's internal economy, it being nothing less than a device which regulates the illumination at night of the public school clock's face.

The Washenaw Electric Co., which have the contract for lighting the clock face, stumbled against a difficulty when they put on their day current last winter, for there was no way of regulating the current in the clock tower, except by personal trips up the long flights of stairs, which was an exceedingly primitive and wearisome mode of procedure.

The four incandescent lights which furnish the illumination for the clock were accordingly to burn continuously the entire twenty-four hours, but this meant an expense to the company, as they would receive from the city no more than their contract price, which is based simply on the number of hours that the light is needed.

Mr. Ross possesses a genuine faculty for invention, and he set himself to work out an automatic switch which would turn on and shut off the current at any desired hour, his efforts after considerable study and numerous experiments being crowned with perfect success.

The device is very simple, consisting in a stick three feet long, a brass disk with 24 teeth and four small holes placed equidistant around near the edge, two brass pegs to fit in the holes, and a knife-edge electric switch.

The disk is fitted to revolve with one of the cog wheels of the clock, the stick is made firm with one end resting on the toothed disk and the other attached to the knife-edge switch by a spring, and the two pegs are placed in two of the four holes in the disk, the arrangement being such that automatically on the turning of the clock wheel, the switch will be opened and closed at regular intervals, depending upon the position of the two pegs in two of the four holes in the surface of the toothed disk. The device may be set to switch the lights on and off at any two given hours or fraction of an hour, the arrangement being at present such that the clock face is illuminated from 7 p.m. to 5 a.m.

The invention exactly fulfills the purpose for which it was devised, and from its simplicity and infallibility of action, reflects great credit upon its author.

MICHIGAN WOMAN'S WHIST CLUB MEET

The Michigan Women's Whist association will meet in Ypsilanti Friday, May 31, at the Ladies' Library building.

The association is in a most flourishing condition, and these monthly meetings, held at various places in the state, have proven most delightful, both from a social and a whist standpoint.

The officers are Mrs. James E. Davis, president; Mrs. Callahan, secretary, both of Detroit; Mrs. Geo. Walterhouse of Ypsilanti, treasurer; Mrs. T. Hewitt Bennett of Detroit, chairman of tournament committee. Board of control—Mrs. Christian, Pontiac; Mrs. Jenkins, Port Huron; Mrs. Steele, Lansing; Mrs. Golling, Eaton Rapids, and Mrs. Gonzalez, Grand Rapids.

There will be two games on May 31, both for mixed pairs. The afternoon game will be called at 2:30 p.m. and the evening game at 7:45 p.m., local time. Four handsome pins are offered as trophies at each contest.

It is hoped the Ypsilanti meeting will be the banner meeting of the year. All whist players of both Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor are cordially invited to participate in these games. Partners will be provided for all who so desire. The entrance fee for afternoon games is 15 cents each; 25 cents each for evening game.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Episcopal church will furnish one of their famous 25 cent suppers at the parish house, which is only a few steps from the library building.

Let no whistler miss these meetings. The evening game will close in time for Ann Arbor and Detroit visitors to take the D. Y. & A. A. cars.

MEANS ANOTHER NORMAL SCHOOL

Lansing, Mich., May 14.—The house passed the Kelly-Lugers bill, appropriating \$25,000 for an additional state normal school, by a vote of 61 to 25. As passed by the senate this bill provided that the school should be located at some point in western Michigan, to be selected by the state board of education. The house struck out the word "western," leaving the site open to the entire state.

Rep. Colby opposed the bill, claiming that there are already ample accommodations for all pupils who desire to attend a normal school.

Because of certain minor changes in the bill it will have to go back to the senate before it is presented to the governor, but it looks as though another normal school will be established in the near future.

CONSERVATORY RECITAL GIVEN IN NORMAL HALL

An excellent recital was given in Normal hall yesterday afternoon by a number of Conservatory students. The program was as follows:

Bolero, op. 110 (for piano).... Godard
Miss Edna Fitch.
Song. The Castilian Maid.... Lehman
Mrs. Clara Sisson.

Dawn (for piano).... Nevin
A Shepherd's Tale (piano).... Nevin
Miss Joe Kimball.

Song. Sweetheart.... Cowen
Miss Laura Waters.

Romanza (for violin).... Camilleri
Miss Antoinette VanCleve.

Song. Gaily Chant the Summer
Birds.... De Pinna

Miss Haidee Mundwiler.

Song. Good Bye, Sweetheart.... Hatton
Mr. Howard Brown.

(a) Papillon, op. 43, No. 1.... Grieg

(b) Valse, op. 70, No. 1.... Chopin
Miss Effie Wheeler.

Song. Spring Song.... Lynes
Miss Caroline Fisher.

Fingale (for organ).... Capoed
Mr. Rex Buell.

RESOLUTIONS

Whereas, death has again come into our midst and taken from us an officer of the city government. Therefore be it

Resolved, That, appreciating as we do, his many qualities, his long and honorable public career, and the years of conscientious and faithful service that he gave to the city of Ypsilanti in the many positions of trust and honor he held among us; remembering him always as a true friend and honored citizen.

Resolved, By the Common Council and Commissioners of Public Works, that while we bow to the will of our Heavenly Father we sincerely regret the loss of our member, Milo B. Schaffer and revere his memory.

Resolved, That we hereby extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Common Council and Commission of Public Works, that a copy be sent to the members of Ingham county, and a copy be published in the city papers.

S. DAMON,
H. M. CURTIS,
Committee.

THORNE DISTRICT.

Miss Flossy Miller of Superior, who has been ill with blood poison, is better.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rowe of Ann Arbor, who have been staying with Mrs. Geo. Palmer who has been ill, have returned to their home.

John Chicken, who has been ill with neuralgia of the head, is better.

Mrs. Howlett of this district, who has been spending two weeks with her daughter at Plymouth, returned home the latter part of the week.

Perry Watling, of Argyle, Minn., who has been ill, is recovering.

Orrin Seaver, who is attending the Ann Arbor high school, spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Seaver of Ypsilanti townships.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Davis of Dexter spent the latter part of the week with relatives at Ypsilanti and Stony Creek.

Mrs. Benham and Mrs. Mowry of this district spent the latter part of the week with their sister, Mrs. Greene of Detroit.

Mrs. Geo. Seaver of this township spent last week with her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Cramer of Dundee.

STONY CREEK.

The Epworth league of this place was represented at the group meeting of leagues at Schofield last Friday by Rev. Mr. Marsh and family and Mrs. Dauding.

The machinery is being placed in the skimming station and we understand will be ready for operation inside of two weeks. Mr. Tabor will have charge of the plant.

On account of the storm last Tuesday evening the election of league officers was postponed till the 15th of May.

The M. E. parsonage property has undergone a great transformation during the last few weeks and now presents a much improved and more modern appearance. The old woodhouse has been torn away and a new wood house and kitchen built, the siding was removed and the building covered with paper and sheathing and resided. New single pane and two large French plate glass windows replace the old ones, and a modern porch adorns the front of the dwelling. The interior has been painted and papered throughout and the exterior is now being painted.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Davis and family of Dexter visited at Stony Creek and attended church here last Sunday.

R. Wortley and family and Rev. Marsh and family spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Elihu Wright near Dundee.

Mrs. Jas. Albright has further improved the appearance of her property by the erection of a porch on the south side of her dwelling.

G. A. A. ENCAMPMENT, FLINT,
JUNE 12-13.

An excursion rate of one first-class fare for the round trip is authorized for the above occasion. Tickets will be sold June 11th and 12th, good returning to June 14th, inclusive.

B. M. DAMON, Agent.

SALEM AND NORTHFIELD

WILL BE TOUCHED BY A NEW ELECTRIC ROAD.

A BRANCH TO ANN ARBOR

Should be One of the Possibilities. It
Would Attract Much Travel.

Lansing, Mich., May 13.—The Detroit, Howell & Lansing Railway Co., the promoters of which are members of the Detroit Construction Co., filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state today. The company has a capital stock of \$500,000, of which \$100,000 is subscribed and \$10,000 paid in. The incorporators are John Winter, Oliver Lau and Homer Warren.

In its articles of incorporation the company reserves the right to operate lines of railroad in the townships of Hamtramck, Greenfield, Redford, Livonia, and Plymouth in Wayne county, in Royal Oak, Southfield, Farmington, Novi and Lyons in Oakland county, Salem and Northfield in Washtenaw, all the townships in Livingston county and in twelve of the sixteen townships of Ingham county. It is understood that the company intends to build a number of branch roads in Livingston and Ingham counties, with possibly a line to the county seat from near Wilmot.

Mothers of good judgment and experience give their little ones Rocky Mountain Tea this month, keeps them well. 35¢. Made by Madison Medicine Co. Ask your druggist.

REDNER DISTRICT.

Mrs. Maggie Davis is spending a few days in Detroit with her sister Mrs. Arthur Young.

Chas. and Frank Reeves spent Sunday in Belleville.

Samuel Davis and family are visiting friends of this vicinity.

Edwin, Sanderson and wife spent Sunday with Mrs. Geo. Davis.

Elmer Davis is home from Northern Michigan spending a few days and expects to take his family back with him to Arenac county.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The F. A. Club meets tonight. Physical culture meets Friday night at 7:15.

The sewing school meets on Saturday at 2:30.

The Battenberg class will not meet again this year, but the class in scientific sewing will meet at 4 o'clock on Saturdays until that course is finished. It isn't too late to join this class.

It is hoped that on next Sunday we may bear a report of the recent convention at Nashville.

Rev. Mr. Brown's Bible class still meets on Tuesdays at 4.

The penmanship class meets Tuesdays at 7:30.

The rumage sale continues to be open on Thursdays. We have a good stock on hand.

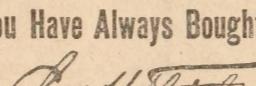
SHUDDERS AT HIS PAST.

"I recall now with horror," says Mall Carrier Burnett Mann, of Leavenworth, O., "my three years of suffering from Kidney trouble. I was hardly ever free from dull aches or acute pains in my back. To stoop or lift, mall sack made me groan. I felt tired, worn out, about ready to give up, when I began to use Electric Bitters, but six bottles completely cured me and made me feel like a new man." They're unrivaled to regulate Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed by C. W. Rogers & Co., and Morford & Smith.

Call for the Sentinel-Commercial map of Michigan and the world. It is given to every new and every old subscriber who pays a year's subscription in advance.

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought!

Bears the
Signature of 
Estate of John Geis.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the 7th day of May in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

Present, W. L. Watkins, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of John Geis, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition duly verified of George Wittenberg, praying that he be licensed to sell the real estate whereof said deceased died seized.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Friday, the 17th day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the aforesaid George Wittenberg, shall be licensed to sell the real estate whereof said deceased died seized.

Mrs. Jas. Albright has further improved the appearance of her property by the erection of a porch on the south side of her dwelling.

W. L. WATKINS,
Judge of Probate.

[A TRUE COPY.]
GEORGE R. GUNN, Probate Register.

KEIR HARDIE FLAYS TRUSTS.

Leader of English Workingmen's Party Says the Nation Must Control.

Keir Hardie, M. P., leader of the English workingmen's party, has given the following signed statement to the New York World on the effect of J. Pierpont Morgan's trust enterprises. He says:

Considerable alarm has been caused by the action of J. Pierpont Morgan in stretching his paw across the Atlantic and clutching our steel and shipping trades in his grasp. The trust constitutes the modern menace to progress. It places the producer and the consumer alike at the mercy of the over rich. The trust is more rapacious than the robber barons were of old. It is the bandit of commerce, the vampire of trade, bowless and rapacious.

The trust is a veritable daughter of the horse leech and, like hell and the grave, can never be satisfied. The

trust is dangerous to national life and destructive of freedom of the individual. Its operations can only be successful through intimidation of the workingman, corruption of the press and control of politics. These form the working stock in trade of the trust system. England has found that fact out to her cost through the war in the Transvaal, a war of financiers seeking to secure higher dividends through reducing the wages of white workers and enslaving the black workers.

Part of the means by which these ends are to be secured is the crippling or destruction of trade unions. What is to be done? I reply that either the nation must own the trusts or the trusts will own the nation. Democracy, by which is meant the rule of the common people, is a sham and delusion so long as labor is economically enslaved.

Socialism offers the only way of escape.

Monopoly is inevitable, and the question at issue all over the world is whether this monopoly in the means of life is to be privately owned and controlled and conducted solely and exclusively with the object of putting money in the pockets of the shareholders or is to be owned and controlled by the nation and conducted so as to produce the highest possible happiness and the greatest personal freedom. Socialists advocate the latter as the better way.

"This gold region," he says, "does not attract the placer miner for the reason that the best deposits are quartz, and for their reduction an extensive plant is required." The region suffers for lack of transportation facilities, for, although the goldfields lie not more than 100 miles from the great Orinoco river, yet everything going to or from the mines must be packed on the backs of donkeys. On the other hand, there is plenty of water there, and waterfalls are capable of being utilized for the production of power.

"The vital need of the region is a railroad connecting it with some point on the Orinoco river," Mr. Loomis says, "and when this is built probably the long expected awakening will take place."

Pearl fisheries carried on in an old fashioned manner about the island of Margarita, yield to the fisherman about \$100,000 a year and much more to the dealers who go from Europe to buy the pearls. There is a remarkably rich deposit of bessemer steel ore on the Orinoco about 75 miles from its mouth. European capitalists are studying the possibilities of Venezuela for cattle raising, and others are seeking to acquire large tracts of land for the purpose of exploiting the rubber and other growths which they contain.

Mr. Loomis says that the general belief is that the climate of this part of South America is deadly is not well founded. By taking proper precautions, he says, it is possible to escape the malarial fevers of the Orinoco country, and much of the gold region of Venezuela is no more insalubrious than were large portions of the west when settlers first broke its soil.

As to the natives, Mr. Loomis says they have many noteworthy qualities. The peons are famed for their honesty, and robbery and burglary are rarely committed.

IT SAVED HIS LEG.

P. A. Danforth, of LaGrange, Ga., suffered for six months with a frightful running sore on his leg; but writes that Buckle's Arnica Salve wholly cured it in five days. For Ulcers, Wounds, Piles, it's the best salve in the world. Cure guaranteed. Only 25¢. Sold by C. W. Rogers & Co., and Morford & Smith.

The Sentinel-Commercial map of Michigan and the world gives the latest census returns. Free to subscribers who pay their subscription in advance.